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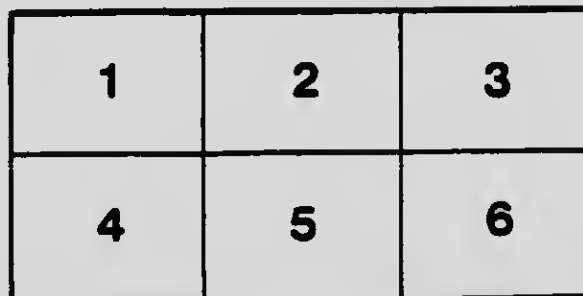
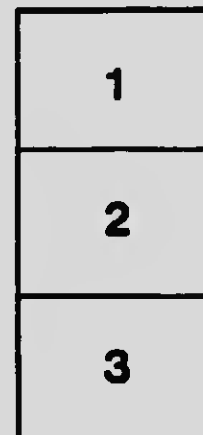
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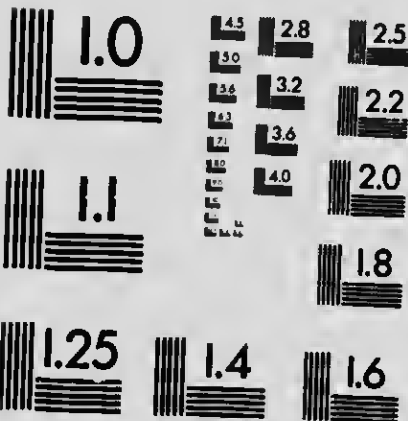
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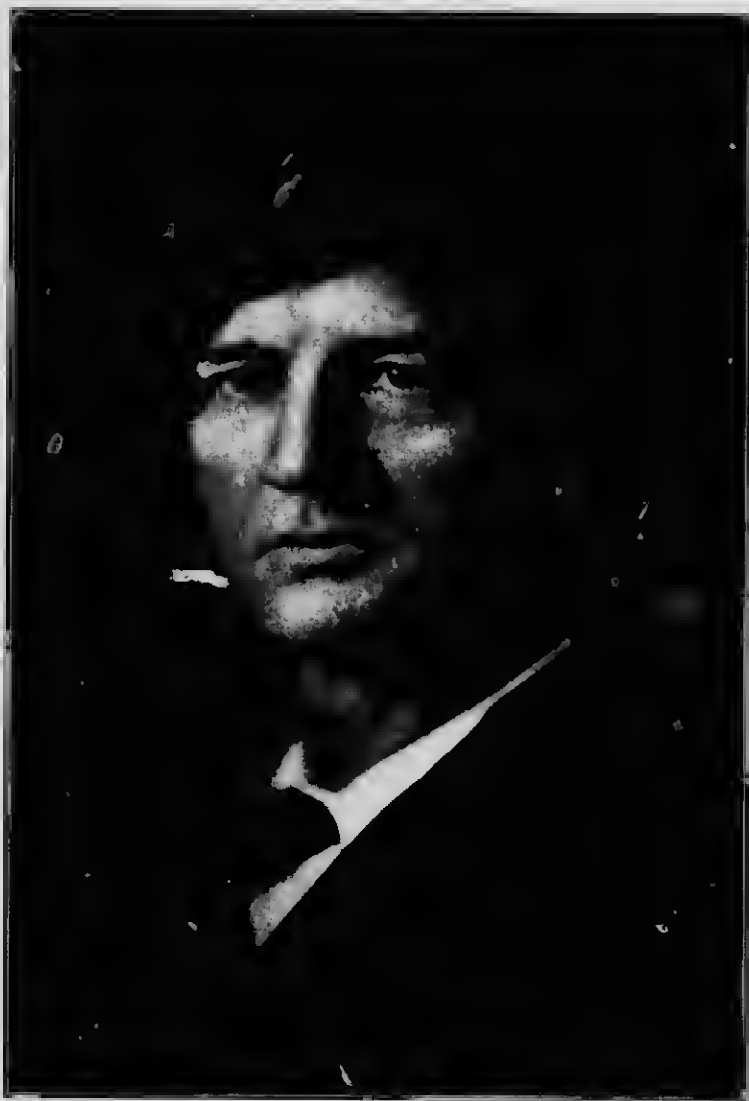
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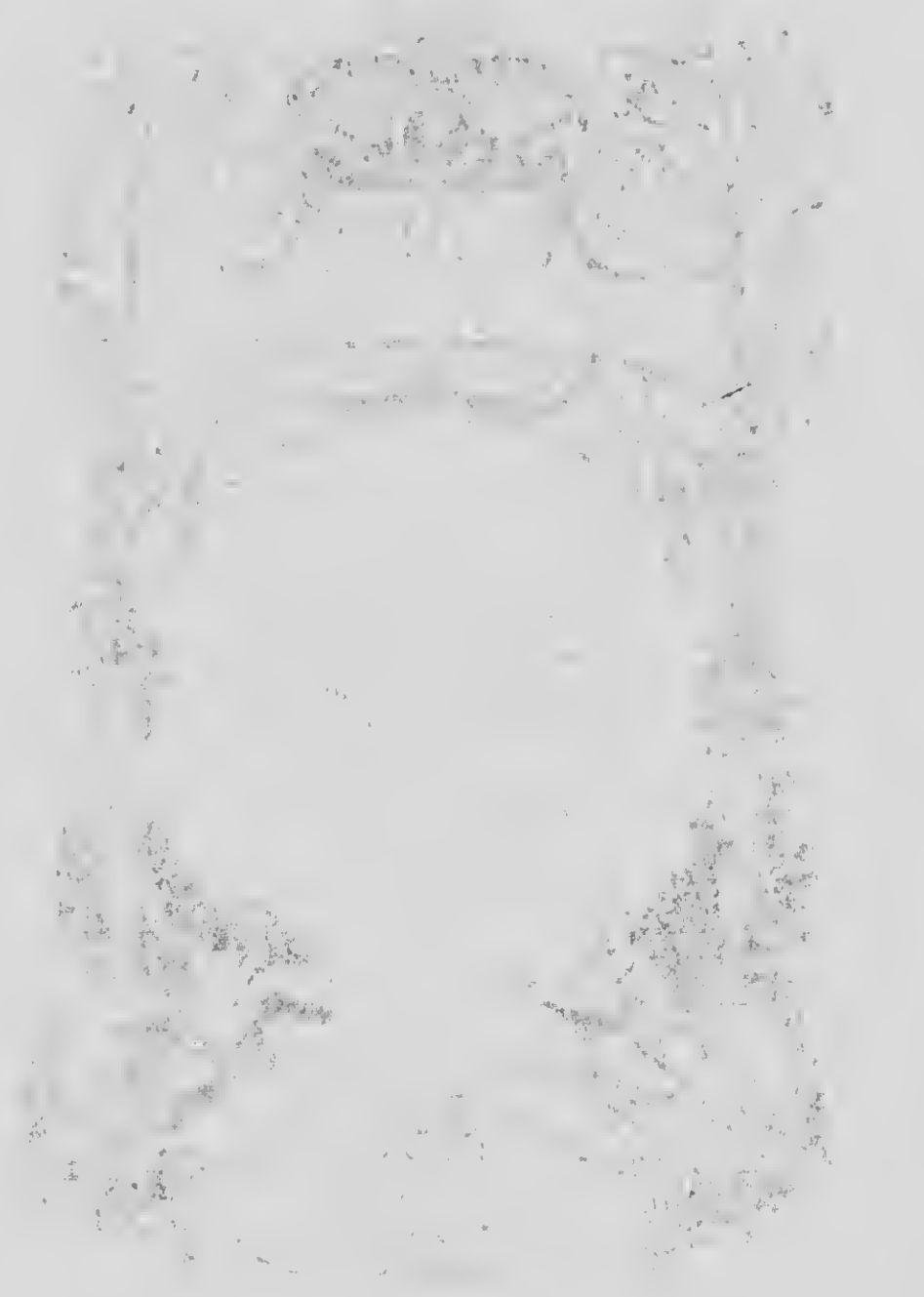


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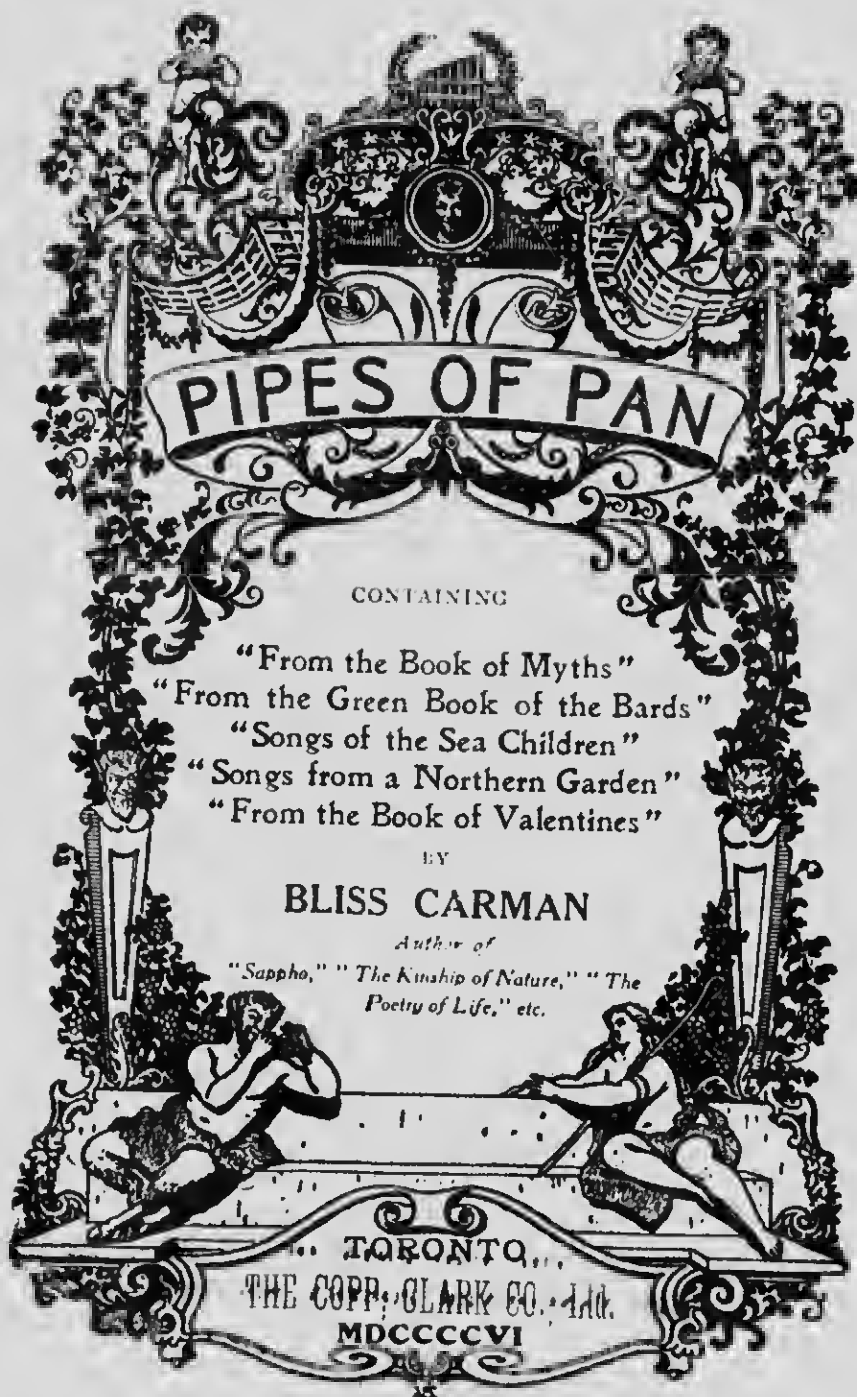
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## P R E F A C E

It is a hearty old saying that "Good wine needs no bush." Why, then, should the master of a road-house hang out a sign, letting folk know there is good drink within?

Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

"Pray why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoke for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor, — and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day either."

"Nay, but," says the stranger, "how should a traveller know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a diving business, with a cellar like yours."

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P R E F A C E

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“Huh,” replies the taverner, “I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would ensure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says.”

“Tut, man,” says the stranger, “look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold.”

“Yes,” says the host, “John Doe is a good thrifty man and as fine a comrade as you’d wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn’t all in quantity, I’ll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale you see is the prose, — very good to get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things, I always say, a man needs have, — meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And

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P R E F A C E

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that's no such easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For what ever was done, that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know?"

"May... I hadn't thought of that," says the stranger. "You must have tasted some rare wine in your time."

"Not so much," says the other, "but I was born with a shrewd taste for it, you may say. Moreover I came of a people who were far farers in their day, and have been abroad myself more than once. So it comes you find the foreign vintages in my bins. There's some Greek wine I have, sir, that's more than a century old, I'll wager; and a rare Moon-wine, as they call it, picked up in an out-of-the-way port, that will make you forget your sorrow like a strain of music; light wines from France, too; and some Heather Brosc, very old and magical, such as the little dark people used to make hereabout in the times

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P R E F A C E

---

of the Celts long ago, — and very good times they were too. It is not these days that have all the wisdom ever was, you may be sure.”

“You are not such a bad advocate, after all,” remarks the stranger. “You speak very invitingly.”

“Step inside,” says the landlord.

BLISS CARMAN.

*October 10, 1902.*



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To C. G. D. R.

"For my heart had a touch of the woodland time."

*The Ghost House,  
Twilight Park in the Catskills,  
August, 1902.*



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## OVERLORD.

*πνεῦμα κυρίου ἐπ' ἐμέ.*

Lord of the grass and hill,  
Lord of the rain,  
White Overlord of will,  
Master of pain,

I who am dust and air  
Blown through the halls of death,  
Like a pale ghost of prayer,—  
I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leat,  
Lord of the bloom,  
Sheer Overlord of grief,  
Master of doom,

---

OVERLORD

---

Lonely as wind or snow,  
Through the vague world and dim,  
Vagrant and glad I go ;  
I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,  
Lord of the sea,  
I am thy broken gull,  
Blown far alee.

Lord of the harvest dew,  
Lord of the dawn,  
Star of the paling blue  
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height  
Where the first winds are stirred,  
Out of the wells of night  
I am thy word.

---

OVERLORD

---

Lord of the haunted hush,  
Where raptures throng,  
I am thy hermit thrush,  
Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold,  
Lord of the North,  
When the red sun grows old  
And day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth,—  
Go glad and free,  
Earth to my mother earth,  
Spirit to thee.

## THE PIPES OF PAN.

*This is something that I heard,—  
Half a cry and half a word,—  
On a magic day in June,  
In the ghostly azure noon,  
Where the wind among the trees  
Made mysterious melodies,  
Such as those which filled the earth  
When the elder gods had birth.*

Ah, the world is growing old!  
Of the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty, naught have I  
But the fragrant memory.

Once, ah, once, (ye know the story!)  
When the earth was in her glory,



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Ere man gave his heart to breed  
Iron hate and heartless greed,  
Near a meadow by a stream  
Quiet as an ageless dream,  
As I watched from the green rim  
Of a beech grove cool and dim,  
Musing in the pleasant shade  
The soft leafy sunlight made,  
What should gleam and move and quiver  
Down by the clear, pebbly river,  
Where the tallest reeds were growing  
And the bluest iris blowing,—  
Gleam a moment and then pass,  
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,  
In her summer-fervid dress  
Of sheer love and loveliness !)  
Wayward, melting, shy, and fond,  
Lissome as a bulrush wand,  
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,  
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Our own white Arcadian  
Touched with rose and creamy tan,  
Eyes the colour that might fleck  
The red meadow lily's neck,  
Hair with the soft silky curl  
Of some strayed patrician girl,  
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,  
Cheek of tawny apricot,  
Parted lips and breast aglow,—  
Who but Syrinx, as ye know!

Gone, swift as a darting swallow,  
What could young Pan do but follow?  
(Have ye felt the warm blood leap,  
When the soul awakes from sleep,  
At a glance from some dark eye  
Of a sudden passing by?—  
Known the pulse's hurried throb  
And the breathing's catch and sob,  
When, upon his race with Death,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Life the runner halts for breath,  
Taking with a happy cry  
His brief draught of ecstasy ?)  
Call I did, with only laughter  
Blown back, as I hurried after ;  
Till I reached the riverside,  
Where I last had seen her glide  
In among the reeds, and there  
Lost her. But a breath of air  
Moved the grass-heads, going by,  
And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved ;  
And Pan never yet has loved,  
But the loved one all too soon  
Merged in music and was gone,—  
Melted like a passing strain,  
Vanished like a gust of rain  
Or a footfall of the wind,  
Leaving not a trace behind.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All that once was Pitys stirs  
In the soft voice of the firs.  
Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,  
Not without a prayer pass by !  
And, O lovers, when ye hear,  
On a morning soft and clear,  
All that once was Echo still  
Wandering from hill to hill,  
Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,  
Lost upon the mountain way,  
And go seeking all your lives  
Love, when but his ghost survives !

Then a swaying river reed  
From the water, for my need,  
In a dream I blindly drew,  
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew,—  
Such a music as was played  
Never yet since earth was made.  
Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All my welling heart therein  
Trembled, till the piping grew  
Pure as fire and fine as dew,  
Till confusion was untangled  
From the crowding notes that jangled,  
And a new-created world  
To my wonder was unfurled,  
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense  
Faltered at the imminence  
Of the fragile thing called soul  
Just beyond oblivion's goal,  
And creation's open door  
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood  
Merged and melted, for my mood,  
With the colour of the sun  
In the pipe I played upon.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Slowly anger from me fell,  
In the coil of that new spell  
My own music laid on me,—  
Like the great rote of the sea,  
Like the whisper of the stream,  
Like a wood bird's sudden gleam,  
Or the gusts that swoop and pass  
Through the ripe and seeding grass,—  
Perfect rhythm and colour cast  
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise,—  
A new self with other joys,  
Other raptures than before,  
Harming less and helping more.  
I could strive no more for gain;  
Being was my true domain,  
And the smiling peace that ever  
In the end outruns endeavour.  
It was not enough to do;

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

I must feel, but reason too,—  
Find the perfect form and fashion  
For the elemental passion ;  
Else must blemish still be hurled  
On the beauty of the world,—  
Gloom and clang and hate alloy  
Colour, melody, and joy,  
And the violence of error  
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,  
Large, enduring, keen, and strange ;  
And on that day long ago  
I became the god ye know,  
Made by music out of man.  
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,  
Which ye call by Syrinx' name,  
Keeping bright a little fame  
Few folk ever think upon.  
Ah, but where is Syrinx gone ?

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

*As the mountain twilight stole  
Through the woods from bole to bole,  
A dumb warder setting free  
Every shy divinity,  
I became aware of each  
Presence, aspen, bass, and beech ;  
And they all found voice and made  
A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan.  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sad and calm and old,  
Like an eerie minor strain  
Running through the strong refrain.  
All there is of human woe  
Pan has fathomed long ago ;  
All of sorrow, all of ill,  
Kindly Pan remembers still ;  
Disappointment, grief, disdain,



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Stifled impulse and bleak pain,—  
Pan has learned them; Pan has known  
Hurts and passions of his own.

Thus Pan knows the secret hid  
Under the Great Pyramid;  
Why young lovers for their love  
Think the stars are light enough,  
And they very well may house  
In the odorous fir boughs,—  
Think there is no light of day  
With the loved one gone away,  
Use in life, nor pleasure more  
By the hearth or out of door,—  
Since all things begin and end  
But to glad the little friend,  
And all gladness is forgot  
Where the little friend is not.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Thus Pan melts your human heart  
With the magic of his art.  
Yet, O heart-distracted man,  
When you hear the pipes of Pan,  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sure and strong and bold,  
Like a dominant refrain  
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more ;  
Leave the fire and close the door ;  
Trust the spirit that has made  
Musical the light and shade,  
Still to guard you, still to guide you,  
Somewhere in the wood beside you,  
Pace for pace upon the road  
To your larger next abode.  
Though the world should lay a finger  
On your arm to bid you linger,  
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

(Little be the load ye carry !)  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan  
Shrill and pleading in the van.  
'Tis the music that has freed you  
From the old life, and shall lead you,  
Gently wise and strongly fond,  
To the greater life beyond.  
Yet I whisper to you, " Stay ;  
That new life is here ; to-day  
Is your home, whose roof shall rise  
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near,  
Though no music you should hear.  
Hearken, hearken ; it will grow,  
Spite of bitterness and woe,  
Clear and sweet and undistraught,  
(This old earth's impassioned thought,)  
And the sorry heart shall learn  
What no rapture could discern.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All the music ye have heard :  
Mountain brook and orchard bird ;  
Fifers in the April swamp,  
Fiddlers leading August's pomp ;  
All the mellow flutes of June  
Melting on the mating tune ;  
Pale tree cricket with his bell  
Ringing ceaselessly and well,  
Sounding silver to the brass  
Of his cousin in the grass ;  
Hot cicada clacking by,  
When the air is dusty dry ;  
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,  
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night ;  
Surf of ocean, sough of pine ;  
Note of warbler, sharp and fine ;  
Rising wind and falling rain,  
Lowing cattle on the plain ;  
And that hardly noticed sound  
When the apples come to ground,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

On the long, still afternoons,  
In the shelter of the dunes ;  
Chir and guggle, bark and cry,  
Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,  
Mew and belling, hoot and bay,  
Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,  
Whoof and cackle, whine and creak,  
Honk and chatter, caw and squeak ;  
Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,  
Each for his own joyous use  
Uttering the heart's desire  
As the season bade aspire ;  
Folk of meadow, crag, and dale,  
Open barren and deep swale,—  
Every diverse rhythm and time  
Brought to order, ranged in rhyme :  
All these bubbling notes once ran  
Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Think you Pan forgets the tune  
Learned beneath the slim new moon,  
When these throbbings all were blent  
To the dominant intent ?

All the beauties ye have seen :  
Autumn scarlet, young spring green ;  
Floating mists that drift and follow  
Up the dark blue mountain hollow ;  
Yellow sunlight, silver spray ;  
The wild creatures at their play ;  
Through still hours the floating seed  
Of the thistle and milkweed,  
And the purple asters snowed  
In a drift beside the road ;  
Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal ;  
Mossed and mottled beech-tree bole ;  
Fireflies in a dewy net,  
When the summer eves are wet ;  
All the bright, gay-coloured things

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Buoyed in air on balanced wings;  
All earth's wonder; then the sea  
In his lone immensity  
Only the great stars can share,  
And the life uncounted there,  
Where the coral gardens lie  
And the painted droves go by,  
In the water-light and gloom,  
Silent till the day of doom:  
These have lent, as beauty can,  
Colour to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the key  
Of their primal melody,—  
Phrase and motive to revive  
Every drooping soul alive?

All the wilding rapture shared  
With the loved one, when ye dared  
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Force the door of destiny,—  
Greatly loved and greatly gave,  
Too divine to stint or save ;  
All the passion ye have poured  
For the joy of the adored,  
Spending without thought or measure  
Young delight and priceless treasure,  
Grown immortal in the hour  
When fresh manhood came in flower ;  
All the ecstasy unpent  
From sweet ardours finding vent  
In the coming on of spring,  
When the rainy uplands ring,  
And the misty woods unfold  
To the magic as of old ;  
All the hot, delicious swoon  
Of the teeming summer noon,  
When the year is brought to prime  
By the bees among the thyme,  
And each mortal heart made over



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

By the wild among the clover:  
All these glad things ye shall find  
With a free and single mind,  
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,  
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by,—  
Half a word and half a sigh,—  
On a magic night in June,  
When the wondrous silent moon  
Flooded the blue mountain clove,  
And the stream in my beech grove  
Uttered secrets strange and deep,  
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,  
The novitiate of Pan?  
Know the secret of the strain  
Lures you through the summer plain,  
Guess the meaning of the thrill

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Haunts you on the autumn hill?  
Would ye too contrive a measure  
Out of love, to fill your leisure?  
Learn to fashion a flute-reed  
That should answer to love's need,  
When the spirit in you cries  
To be given form and guise  
Others may perceive and love,  
Fair and much accounted of,—  
Craves to be the tenant heart  
In some wild, new, lovely art,  
Such as haunts the glades of spring  
When the woodlands bloom and ring?

While the silver night still broods  
On the mountain solitudes,  
And the great white planet still  
Is undimmed upon the hill,—  
Ere a hint of subtile change  
Steals across the purple range

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

To arouse the sleeping bird,—  
Hear the wise old master's word,  
When he leads the pregnant notes  
From the reedy golden throats,  
And the traveller, in their spell,  
Halts, and wonders what they tell!

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,  
He has tended without dearth,  
Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed  
By the sap's imperious need,  
When the season of the sun  
Sets its fervour free to run.  
Sap of tree and pith of man,  
Ah, but they are dear to Pan!  
Not a creature stirs or moves,  
But Pan heartens and approves;  
Not a being loves or dies,  
But Pan knows the sacrifice.  
Man or stripling, wife or maid,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Pan is ever by to aid ;  
And no harm can come to you,  
But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove  
By the fit of tongue and groove ;  
Or the smith, whose forge's play  
Stubborn metal must obey ;  
Let the temple-builders own,  
As they mortise stone to stone ;  
Or the sailor, when he reeves  
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves ;  
Or the potter, from whose wheel  
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,  
As by magic of command,  
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether  
Binding the great world together ;  
For without that coil of wonder

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

The round world would fall asunder,  
And your hearts be filled with sadness  
At a great god's seeming madness,  
Where they now have peace, and hope,  
Somewhere, somehow, time will ope,  
And the loneliness be sated,  
And the longing be abated  
In the loved one, lovely past  
All imagining at last,  
Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,  
Like a garden in its pride,  
Odorous with hint and rapture  
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain !  
He who hears it once shall gain  
Freedom of the open door,  
Willing to go back no more.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

When ye hear the sea pipes thunder,  
Bow the loving heart in wonder;  
When ye hear the wood pipes play,  
Lift the door latch and away;  
When ye hear the hill pipes calling,  
Where the pure cold brooks are falling,  
Follow till your feet have found  
The desired forgotten ground,  
And ye know, past all unlearning,  
By the raptured quench of yearning,  
What the breath is to the reed  
Whence the magic notes are freed,—  
What new life the gods discover  
To the loved one and the lover,  
When their fabled dreams come true  
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,  
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,  
(Field note, wood note, wild or mellow,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Bidding all things fare and fellow,  
Means that wisdom lurks behind  
The enchantment of the mind ;  
And your longing keen and tense  
Still must trust the lead of sense,—  
Hint of colour, form, and sound,—  
Till it reach the perfect round,  
And completed blend its strain  
With the haunted pipes again.  
Ye must learn the lift and thrill  
That elate the wood pipes still ;  
Feel the ecstasy and shiver  
Of the reed notes in the river ;  
Strive for the minor trace  
In the sea's eternal bass,  
And give back the whole heart's treasure  
To supreme the music's measure,  
Glad that love should sink and sound  
All the beauty in earth's bound.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All this loveliness which ran  
Searching through the pipes of Pan,—  
All this love must merge and blend  
With Pan's piping in the end.  
All the knowledge ye draw near  
At the ripening of the year,  
Living one day at a time,  
Innocent of fear or crime,  
(When the mountain slopes put on  
Their brave scarlet in the sun,  
When the sea assumes a blue  
Such as April never knew,  
And the marshes, fields, and skies  
Sing with colour as day dies,  
Peaceful, undistracted, free,  
In your earth-born piety ;  
All the love when friend for friend  
Dared misfortune to the end,—  
Fronted failure, flouted harm,  
For the sake of folding arm,—



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,  
For the touch of hand on shoulder ;  
All the homely smiles and tears  
Ever given childish years ;  
Every open, generous deed  
Lending help to human need ;  
Every kindness to age,  
Every impulse true and sage,  
Lifting concord out of strife,  
Bringing beauty into life :  
These no feeble faith can ban  
Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme  
Or the cadence of his theme ?  
Ah, your wit must still discover  
No mere madness of a lover,  
Headstrong, whimsical, and blind,  
But a prompting sane and kind,  
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Lurking in the pipes of Pan ;  
Calling ever, smooth and clear,  
Courage to the heeding ear ;  
Fluting ever, sweet and high,  
Wisdom to the passer-by ;  
Sounding ever, soft and far,  
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths  
Unto every lip that breathes ;  
Cunning unto every hand  
Agile under will's command ;  
Unto every human heart  
The inheritance of art,  
Lighted only by a gleam  
Of the dear and deathless dream,—  
Power out of hurt and stain  
To bring beauty back again,  
And life's loveliness restore  
To a toiling age once more.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Yes, the world is growing old,  
But the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty, only grow  
Greater as they come and go,—  
Larger, keener, and more splendid,  
Seen to be superbly blended,  
As the cadenced years go by,  
Into chord and melody,  
Strong and clear as ever ran  
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*So the music passed and died  
In the dark green mountain side;  
The entranced ravine took on  
A new purple, faint and wan;  
And I heard across the bush  
A far solitary thrush  
From the hemlocks deep and still  
Fluting day upon the hill.*

## MARSYAS.

In Celænæ by Meander lived a youth once long  
ago,  
And one passion great and splendid brimmed  
his heart to overflow,—  
Filled the world for him with beauty, sense and  
colour, joy and glow.

Not ambition and not power, love nor luxury  
nor fame,  
Beckoned him to join their pageant, summoned  
Marsyas by name,  
Bidding unreluctant spirit dare to keep the  
soaring aim;

---

M A R S Y A S

---

But the sorceries of music, note and rapture,  
tone and thrill,  
Sounding the serene enchantment over meadow,  
stream and hill,  
Blew for him the undesisting magic call-note,  
followed still.

And he followed. Heart of wonder, how the  
keen blue smoke upcurled  
From the shepherd huts to heaven! How the  
dew lay silver-pearled  
Where sleek sided cattle wandered through the  
morning of the world!

On a stream bank lay the idler dreaming  
dreams — for it was Spring —  
And he heard the frogs in chorus make the  
watery marshes ring;  
Heard new comers at their nesting in the vine-  
yards pipe and sing;

---

M A R S Y A S

---

Heard the river lisp below him ; heard the wind  
chafe reed on reed ;  
Every earth-imprisoned creature finding vent  
and voice at need.  
Ah ! if only so could mortal longing and delight  
be freed !

Hark ! What piercing unknown cry comes steal-  
ing o'er the forest ground,  
Pouring sense and soul together in an ecstasy  
new-found ?  
Dream's fulfilment brought to pass and life  
untethered at a bound !

Then it pauses, and the youth beyond the river-  
bend perceives  
A divine one in her beauty stand, half-hidden  
by the leaves,  
Fingering a wondrous wood-pipe, whence the  
clear sound joys or grieves.

---

MARSYAS

---

As he looked, entranced and musing at the  
  marvel of the strain,  
All her loveliness uncinctured with a madness  
  touched his brain,  
And love, like a vernal fever, dyed him with its  
  scarlet stain.

But Athene, glancing downward in the silver  
  of the stream,  
As she fluted, saw her perfect mouth distorted  
  by a seam;  
Faltered, stopped, and, disconcerted, seemed to  
  ponder half in dream

For a rueful moment; and then with reluctance  
  tossed the reed  
She had fashioned in a happy leisure mood to  
  serve her need  
Back into the tranquil river, nothing but a river  
  weed,

---

M A R S Y A S

---

All the cunning life that filled it quenched and  
spilt and flung away,  
To go seaward to oblivion on a wandering  
stream. But stay !  
The young Phrygian lad has seen it,— marked  
the current set his way,—

Stooped and picked it from the water ; put the  
treasure-trove to lip ;  
Blown his first breath, faint yet daring ; felt the  
wild notes crowd and slip  
Into melody and meaning from each testing  
finger-tip.

Then, ah, then had mortal spirit sweep and  
room at last to range  
The lost limits of creation and the borderlands  
of change,  
All earth's loveliness transmuting into some-  
thing new and strange ;



---

M A R S Y A S

---

All of beauty, all of knowledge, all of wonder,  
fused and caught  
In the rhythmus of the music, weaving out of  
sense and thought  
And a touch of love the fabric out of which the  
world was wrought.

And the joy of each new cadence, as the glad  
notes pressed and cried,  
Eager for the strain's fulfilment, as they rose  
and merged and died  
In the music's utmost measure, filled the rose-  
grey mountain side,—

Touched the sheep-bells in the meadow, moved  
the rushes in the stream,  
And suffused the youth with glory as he passed  
from theme to theme;  
Made him as the gods of morning in the ampler  
air of dream.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

Ah, what secret, what enchantment so could  
help the human need,  
Save the breath of life that lingered in the hollow  
of the reed,  
Since the careless mouth of beauty blessed it —  
with so little heed ?

There he stood, a youth transfigured in the  
young world's golden glow.  
Made immortal in a moment by the music's  
melting flow,  
Pattern of the artist's glory for the after years  
to know.

There he stands for us in picture, with the pipe  
whereon he plays ;  
The slow, large-eyed cattle wonder, and the  
flocks forget to graze,  
While upon the hill a shepherd turns and listens  
in amaze.

---

MARSYAS

---

In the woods the timid creatures, reassured,  
    approach and peer,  
Half aware the charm's allurements they must  
    follow as they hear  
Is the first far-looked-for presage of the banish-  
    ment of fear.

Silence falls upon the woodland, quiet settles on  
    the plain ;  
Earth and air and the blue heaven, without  
    harm or taint or stain,  
Are restored to their old guise of large serenity  
    again.

Thus the player at his piping in the early mode  
    and grave  
Took from Wisdom the inventress what the  
    earth in bounty gave,  
And therein to round completion put the beating  
    heart and brave.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

So, you artists and musicians, earth awaits per-  
fection still ;  
Wisdom tarries by the brookside, beauty loiters  
on the hill,  
For the love that shall reveal them with the yet  
undreamed-of skill.

Love be therefore all your passion, the one  
ardour that ye spend  
To enhance the craft's achievement with signi-  
cance and trend,  
Making faultless the wild strain that else were  
faulty to the end.

Love must lend the magic cadence — that un-  
earthly dying fall  
When the simple sweet earth-music takes us  
captive past recall,  
And the loved one and the lover lose this world,  
nor care at all.

### SYRINX.

Once I saw (O breath of Summer!) in the azure  
prime of June,  
When the Northland takes her joy and sets her  
wintered life in tune,  
The soft wind come down the river, where a  
heron slept at noon;

Stir the ripening meadow-grasses, lift the lily-  
pads, and stray  
Through the tall green ranks of rushes bowing  
to its ghostly sway;  
Then I heard it, like a whisper of the world, take  
voice and say:

---

S Y R I N X

---

“Mortal by the wood-wind’s murmur and the  
whisper of the stream,  
I, who am the breath of grasses and the soul of  
Summer’s dream,  
Once was Syrinx, whom a great god loved and  
lost and made the theme

“Of his mournful minor music. Nay, I who  
had worn the guise  
Which allured him, yet eluded, vanishing before  
his eyes,  
When his heart held lonely commune, taking  
counsel to devise

“Some new solace for sad lovers that should give  
the spirit vent,  
Lovelier than speech of mortals where the stricken  
soul is pent  
And the longing gropes for language large enough  
for beauty’s bent;

---

SYRINX

---

“When he drew the reeds and ranged them,  
rank by rank from low to shrill,  
Bound them with the flax together — I was in-  
spiration still,  
I was heartache crying through them, I was echo  
on the hill.

“And forever I am cadence, joyous, welling,  
sad or fond,  
When the breath of god or mortal, breaking  
time’s primeval bond,  
Blows upon the mouths of wood and all the  
mellow throats respond.

“Not a flute, but I have hidden in its haunted  
hollow mould;  
In the deep Sicilian twilight, when the shepherd  
piped to fold,  
I have been the eerie calling of the Pan pipes  
rude and old;

---

S Y R I N X

---

“ From the ivory monaulos, when the soft Egyptian stars  
Sentryed Cleopatra’s gardens, through the open  
window-bars  
I went forth, a splendid torment, o’er the dreaming  
nenuphars.

“ In the silver-mounted laurel played by some  
Byzantine boy,  
I was frenzy, when the throng night after night  
went mad for joy,  
As the dancer Theodora made the Emperor her  
toy.

“ In the boxwood bound with gold I drew my  
captives down the Nile,  
To the love-feasts of Bubastis, lovers by the thousand  
file,  
Willing converts to my love-call, children of the  
changeless smile.



---

SYRINX

---

" Babylonian Mylitta heard me keep the limpid  
tune,  
When the lovers danced before her at the feast  
of the new moon,  
Till the rosy flowers of beauty through her sacred  
groves were strewn.

" And Sidonian Astarte and the Asian Cypriote  
Knew the large unhurried measure of my earth-  
sweet pagan rote,  
When the dancing youths before them followed  
me from note to note.

" Where some lithe Bithynian flute-boy, nude and  
golden in the sun,  
Set his red mouth to the twin pipes, I was in each  
pause and run,  
When his manhood took the meaning of the love-  
notes one by one.

---

S Y R I N X

---

“And amid the fields of iris by the blue Ionian  
sea,  
I was solemn-hearted sweetness and pure passion  
soon to be  
In the dark-haired little maid who piped her bud-  
ding melody.

“I was youth and love and rapture, I was mad-  
ness in their veins,  
Calling through the heats of Summer, calling in  
the soft Spring rains,  
From the olive Phrygian hillsides and the deep  
Bœotian plains.

“I but blew, and mortals followed; I but  
breathed, and they were glad, —  
King and mendicant and sailor, courtesan and  
shepherd lad;  
For there is no creed nor canon laid on music’s  
myriad.

---

S Y R I N X

---

" Not a tribe nor race nor people born in darkest  
savagery,  
Dwellers in the Afric forest or the islands of the  
sea,  
But I wooed them from their war-drums — made  
them gentle — set them free.

" Silence fell upon the tam-tams throbbing terror  
through the night,  
And the prayer-gongs ceased to conjure cowering  
villages with fright,  
When my cool note, clear as morning, called  
them to a new delight.

" I, the breath of flute and oboe, golden wood  
and silver reed,  
Put away their fear, and taught them with my  
love-tone to give heed,  
When the love grew large within them, to the  
lovely spirit's need.

---

S Y R I N X

---

“ Henceforth no mere frantic rhythm of beating foot and patting hand,  
Nor monotonous marimba could suffice for soul’s demand,  
When Joy called her wayworn children and  
Peace wandered through the land.

“ Love must build a better music than the strumming tambourine,  
To ensphere his worlds of wonder, height and depth and space between,  
Pleasure-lands for Soul, the lover, to preempt as his demesne.

“ So he took the simple reed-note, as a dewdrop clear and round,  
Blew it (magic of creation!) to the tenuous profound  
Of sheer gladness, light and colour of the universe of sound.

---

S Y R I N X

---

“ And there soars the shining structure, tone on  
tone as star on star,  
Spheres of knowledge and of beauty, where love’s  
compensations are,  
And the plenitudes of spirit move to rhythm  
without a jar;

“ Every impulse in its orbit swinging to the  
utmost range  
Of the normal sweep of being, through un-  
fathomed gulfs of change,  
Poised, unswerved, and never finding aught un-  
lovely or unstrange.

“ When some dark Peruvian lover set the lovè-  
flute to his lip,  
I was the new soft enchantment loosed upon the  
dusk, to slip  
Through the trees and thrill the loved one from  
warm nape to finger-tip;

---

S Y R I N X

---

“Till she could not choose but follow where  
my player piped for her;  
So I roused the love within her, set the gipsy  
pulse astir,  
With my wild delicious pleading, strong as in-  
cense, fine as myrrh.

“When for love the Winnebago took his court-  
ing-flute and played  
His wild theme for days together near the lodge-  
door of his maid,  
I was ritual and rapture of the triumph he  
essayed.

“And my brown Malayan lovers pierce the living  
gold bamboo,  
For the lone melodious accents of the wind to  
wander through,  
While my haunting spirit tells them many a  
secret old and true.

---

S Y R I N X

---

" In the soft Sumatran pan-flute with its seven  
notes I plead ;  
I am help to the Marquesan in his slender scarlet  
reed ;  
From the inmemorial East I draw my dark-eyed  
gipsy breed.

" Chukma, Dyak, Mahalaka, Papuan and  
Ashanti,  
Hillmen from the Indian snows, canoemen from  
the Carib sea,  
Tribesmen from the world's twelve corners, at  
my whisper come to me —

" All the garlanded earth-children in their gala  
bright array,  
Laughing like the leaves, or sighing like the  
grass-heads which I sway ;  
For my lure is swift to lead them, and my solace  
strong to stay.

---

S Y R I N X

---

“ And the road must melt before them and their  
piping fill all lands,  
Till a new world at their fluting like a magic  
flower expands,  
And Soul's unexplored dominion is surrendered to  
their hands.

“ Did not I, the woodbreath, calling, make thy  
mortal pulses ring,  
And thy many-seasoned roof-tree with its dusty  
rafters sing?  
Was not I the long sweet love-throb in the music-  
house of Spring?

“ Think how all the golden willows and the  
maples crimson-keyed,  
Kept the rare appointed season, flowering at the  
instant need,  
When the wood-pipes gave my summons and the  
marshy flutes were freed !



---

S Y R I N X

---

" Love be, then, in every heart-beat, when the year  
comes round to June,  
And life reaches up to rapture, lingering on the  
perfect tune,  
As this evening in your valley silvered by the  
early moon."

Thus I heard the voice of Syrinx, by the dreamy  
river shore,  
Sift and cease, as one might pass through a large  
room and close the door;  
And I knew myself a stranger on this lovely earth  
no more.

## THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Hear, O Syrinx, thou lost dryad! Marsyas, thou  
mortal, hear!

If to lovely and free spirits it is granted to draw  
near

And revisit the whole earth from some far-off  
and twilight sphere,

Like the limpid star of evening hanging o'er the  
dark hill hrow,

Globed in light to touch this valley where a wor-  
shipper I bow,

O give heed, and of your wisdom help a mortal  
lover now!

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Lend him, novice at your flute-work, learner of  
the magic cry,

Something, howsoever faulty, of that cunning  
ecstasy, —

The inevitable cadence where the raptures pause  
and die, —

You could marshal at your bidding from the  
wind-blown river reeds, —

Mark to rhythm and mould to beauty, — plastic  
for perfection's needs;

Skill to give the spirit lodgment where the long-  
ing fancy leads!

Souls of lovers lost in music! You who were  
beloved of Pan,

Piping madness through the meadow where the  
silver river ran,

You who, favoured of Athene, found her careless  
gift to man, —

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

O stray hither, and recalling some such earth-  
born golden hour,  
When the thrushes eased their sorrow, and the  
laurel was in flower,  
Give this last lost child of nature one least pit-  
tance of your power!

So he shall be well accounted love's own minstrel  
first and best,  
By another shy wild Syrinx when he puts the  
gift to test,  
For a single day immortal. And the gods make  
good the rest!

Hear, sweetheart, the lonely thrushes! Pure and  
pleading up the clove,  
From the dark moon-haunted hemlocks and the  
spacious dim beech grove,  
Pierced by love's own silver planet with a path for  
us to rove,

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Comes the rapture, clear, unsullied, undistracted,  
undismayed,  
Heart of earth that still remembers how her  
strength and joy were made,  
When the breath of life was given and the touch  
of doom was stayed, —

The great joyance of creation welling through  
the world once more;  
Love in power and pride and passion, crying still  
at beauty's door;  
Soul in contemplation ranging the star-lighted  
forest floor.

Once . . . O little girl, lift up that dear, wild,  
tender wood-nymph's face  
To your lover's who so loves you, gladdening  
all this leafy place,  
Where as music merged in moonshine sense and  
spirit interlace!

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

In the first of time was Hathor, the Egyptian  
Ashtoreth,  
She who bore the mighty Sun and quickened  
nature with her breath,  
Rocked the cradle of the Nile and gave men life  
and gave them death.

Once to share her mysteries, when earth grew  
green with spring, there came  
To her temple in Buhastis, needy and unknown  
to fame,  
A young herdsman golden-haired and tall,  
Argalioth by name.

And his undeflowered beauty, fair as lotus, slim as  
palm,  
With his voice like sweet hill-water sounding in  
the choric psalm,  
Touched the mighty heart there brooding in  
inviolable calm.

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

And a sigh as of the wind arose; the song was  
hushed; the veil  
Of the Shrine, which none might enter, moved  
and shimmered like a sail,  
Or the golden boreal lights that hang across our  
Northern trail.

In astonishment the dancers halted. Then the  
voice said "Peace!

Let my son Argalioth come near. It is a gift of  
peace.

Henceforth only truth and goodness, finding vir-  
tue, shall find peace."

Then the lad arose and went behind the veil, and  
all was still.

Slowly, as from out all distance, rising far and  
fine and shrill,

Came a flute-note, strong as sea-wind, clear as  
morning on the hill, —

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Grew and gained and swelled and triumphed,  
lingering from tone to tone,  
Golden deep to silver treble, pure and passionate  
and lone,  
Marking time to things eternal, touching bounds  
of spirit's zone,

Filling all the space between with all the wonder  
and despair —  
Reach and compass and fulfilment soul could ever  
dream or dare —  
Of the hiss beyond all telling, when the wild  
sense grows aware.

Then before those spellbound watchers from the  
Holy Place returned  
The youth, girt in scarlet linen, with a counte-  
nance where hurned  
The great glory of his vision and the secret he had  
learned.



---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

In his hand a yellow flute-reed bound with seven  
silver bands;

From brown foot to red-gold hair a figure that  
might haunt all lands

With distraction and enthrallment, while this  
earth in beauty stands.

Not a word he spoke; serenely trod the marble  
to the door;

Set the flute to mouth, and piping strains no ear  
had heard before.

Passed out through the golden weather, and no  
man beheld him more.

Yet there lingered, ah, what music! Not a lis-  
tener in that throng,

Through the years that came upon him, hut at  
times would hear the long

Piercing and melodious cadence, summer-sweet  
and autumn-strong,

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Heard so long ago; and always, as if musing, he  
would say,

“ It is Hathor’s magic flute. In some blue valley  
far away,

By a well among the palms her wanderer has  
paused to play!”

For through all the earth he wandered with his  
magic pipe; and none

Heard that piping, but they straightway knew  
that their old life was done,

And the glamour was upon them, prudence lost  
and freedom won.

He it was who touched with madness, soft sweet  
madness of the spring,

The green-throated frogs, whose chorus makes  
the grassy meadows ring,

And the birds who come with April, and must  
break their heart or sing;

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Touched his fellow mortals even with a madness  
of the mind,

Till they, too, must rise and follow, leaving  
sober tasks behind,

While a thing called love possessed them with  
a craving sweet and blind,

And they knew no fear thereafter, save the one  
supreme despair, —

Having loved, to lose the loved one, the one  
lovely friend could share

The vast loneliness of being. What mute bitter-  
ness were there!

And we all are Hathor's children, brothers of the  
frogs and birds,

Who have listened once forever to the pipe whose  
magic words

None can fathom, though we follow dumbly as  
the flocks and herds.

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Thenceforth howsoe'er we wander, all our care  
is but to know  
Truth, the Sorceress whose spell of beauty can  
entrance us so,  
As it was with happy lovers in their wisdom long  
ago.

And to all men once a lifetime comes that music  
sweet and shrill,  
Pleading for the life's perfection, good's prefer-  
ment over ill,  
Beauty's issue from debasement, the deliverance  
of will.

Many hear it not, or hearing turn with heedless  
hearts away,  
Or their soul is deaf with greed or lust or anger  
or dismay,  
And the precious fateful moment passes. But  
the wise are they,

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Who preserve without disquiet the serene and  
open mind,  
The impassioned poise of spirit, lodged in senses  
more refined  
Than the quaking aspen breathed on by the un-  
seen secret wind.

So in spite of tears and turmoil many a radiant  
hour they know,  
Hearing o'er the roofs of men the far off magic  
woodpipes blow,  
With a message for the morrow bidding them  
arise and go.

And that message? What I cherish most, this  
sweet white night of June,  
When from sheath of fragrant lace-work slips one  
shoulder, like the moon  
From the pine-tops with a lustre such as made  
its lover swoon.

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Once on Latmus; when your hair falls, like a  
vine the stars peep through;  
When I kiss your heart out, much as mighty Pan  
the reed-pith drew,  
And your breath in one "Beloved!" answers  
like the reed he blew;

What I prize most, and most treasure, is this  
knowledge great and sure:  
He who knows love, knows the secret, — he who  
has love has the lure, —  
Of the strain whereto this earth was moulded  
well and must endure.

Hush, ah, hush! Lie still! The music is not  
yet gone from the firs,  
Haply here the Ancient Mother, in this solitude  
of hers,  
Where the mighty veil of silence, leaves and stars,  
the hill-wind stirs,

---

THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Some new larger revelation would vouchsafe  
to you and me

Of the sorceries of summer or the secret of the  
sea,

Whose sheer beauty shall enthral us while its  
truth shall set us free.

O my golden Syrinx, surely we have heard the  
magic flute,

Whose dark wild mysterious transport in a  
moment can transmute

All the heart and life forever, making spirits  
that were mute

Musical and glad! And we have listened to  
that lost flute-strain,

Whose long sweet and sobbing minor is the  
record of the rain, —

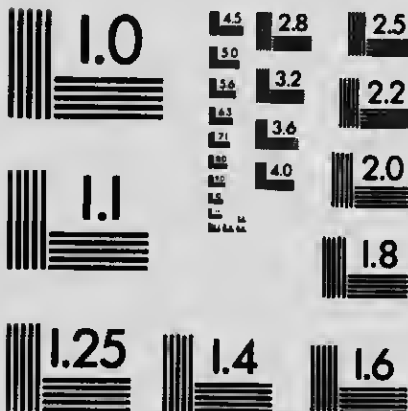
Whose proud passion is the gladness when the  
spring comes back again.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

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THE MAGIC FLUTE

---

Hark, the thrushes at their fluting! The old wizardry and stress  
Of entrancement are upon them. Wise ones of the wilderness,  
Who can say but they have burdens of a joy beyond our guess?

Long since did the magic minstrel take them silent from the bough  
In his hands, and with the secret breath of life their throats endow,  
As this rose-red mouth of beauty burning meward I do now!

## A SHEPHERD IN LESBOS.

All night long my cabin roof resounded  
With the mighty murmur of the rain;  
All night long I heard the silver cohorts  
Tramping down the valley to the plain;

All night long the ringing rain-drops volleyed  
On the hollow drum-heads of the leaves  
In a wild tattoo, while gusty hill-winds  
Fifed The Young Pans' March about the eaves.

So all night within the mountain forest  
Passed the shadowy forces at review;  
And they bore me back to time's beginning  
When the wonder of the world was new.

---

A S H E P H E R D I N L E S B O S

---

Then from out the gloom there came a vision  
Of the beauty of the earth of old, —  
The unclouded face and gracious figure,  
Filletted with laurel and green-stoled,

Such as Daphne wore the day she wandered  
Through the silent beech-wood of the god,  
When a sunray through the roof of shadows  
Wheeled and stole behind her where she trod, —

When the loveliness of earth, transfigured  
By one touch of rapture, grew divine,  
Ere it fled before the unveiled presence  
To indwell forever its green shrine.

Like a mist I saw the hair's gold glory,  
The grave eyes, the childish scarlet lip,  
And the rose-pink fervour that afforded  
Soul the sheath to fill from tip to tip.

---

A SHEPHERD IN LESBOS

---

On her mouth she laid a warning finger,  
And her slow calm enigmatic smile  
Told me, ere she spoke, one-half the message;  
Then I heard (my heart stood still the while),

“Mortal, wouldst thou know the maddening  
transport  
No mere earth-born lover may attain,  
Till some woodland deity hath loved him,  
And her beauty mounted to his brain?”

“Thenceforth he becomes, with her for mistress,  
Master of the moods and minds of men,  
Moulding as he will their deeds and daring,  
All their follies open to his ken;

“Yet is he a wanderer forever,  
Without respite seeking the unknown.  
Wouldst thou leave the world for one who offers  
But the beauty bounded by her zone?”

---

A S H E P H E R D I N L E S B O S

---

When I woke in golden morning dyeing  
The dark valley and the purple hill,  
Flushing at the doorway of the forest,  
Flowered my mountain laurel, cool and still.

How I chose? Have ye not heard in Lesbos  
Of a mad young shepherd by the shore,  
Whose wild piping hids the traveller tarry  
Some immortal sorrow to deplore?

On a morning by the river marges  
Many a passer-by hath heard that strain,  
Sweet and sad and strange and full of longing  
As a bird-note through the purple rain.

In a maze the haunted music holds them  
With its meaning past all guess or care;  
With its magic note the lonely cadence  
Swells and sinks and dies upon the air;

---

A S H E P H E R D I N L E S B O S

---

And they say, "It is the stricken shepherd  
Whom the nymph's enchantment set astray,  
And the spell of his bewildering vision  
Holds him fast a lover from that day.

"This dark theme no mortal may interpret;  
But forever when the wood-pipes blow,  
Some remembered and mysterious echo  
Calls us unresisting and we go."

DAPHNE.

I know that face!  
In some lone forest place,  
When June brings back the laurel to the hills,  
Where shade and sunlight lace,

Where all day long  
The brown birds make their song —  
A music that seems never to have known  
Dismay nor haste nor wrong —

I once before  
Have seen thee by the shore,  
As if about to shed the flowery guise  
And be thyself once more.



---

D A P H N E

---

Dear, shy, soft face,  
With just the elfin trace  
That lends thy human beauty the last touch  
Of wild, elusive grace!

Can it be true,  
A god did once pursue  
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmering  
wood,  
Drenched in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay  
His hot and headstrong way,  
Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,  
Heedless of thy dismay?

But I to thee  
More gently fond would be,  
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words  
And woodland melody;

---

D A P H N E

---

Take pipe and play  
Each forest fear away ;  
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade  
All the long Summer day ;

Tell thee old tales  
Of love, that still avails  
More than all mighty things in this great world,  
Still wonderworks nor fails ;

Teach thee new lore,  
How to love more and more,  
And find the magical delirium  
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over  
And over to discover  
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible  
New way to be thy lover —

---

D A P H N E

---

New, wondrous ways  
To fill thy golden days,  
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,  
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,  
Deep in the brookside fern,  
The magic of the syrinx whispering low  
With bubbly fall and turn ;

Mock every note  
Of the green woodbird's throat,  
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,  
Should form and float

Far through the hills,  
Where mellow sunlight fills  
The world with joy, and from the purple vines  
The brew of life distils.

---

D A P H N E

---

Ah, then indeed  
Thy heart should have no need  
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,  
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,  
And I should make thy home  
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star  
Hung in the dark blue dome —

A fragrant house  
Of woven balsam boughs,  
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive  
Our warm unsullied vows.

## THE LOST DRYAD.

Where are you gone from the forest,  
Leaving the mountain-side lonely  
And all the beech woods deserted,  
O my dear Daphne?

All the day long I go seeking  
Trace of your flowerlike footprint.  
Will not the dew on the meadow  
Tell tale of Daphne?

Will not the sand on the sea-shore  
Treasure that magical impress  
For the disconsolate longing  
Lover of Daphne?

---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

Will not the moss and the fern-bed  
Bearing the mould of her beauty,  
Tell me where wandered and rested  
Rose-golden Daphne?

All the night through I go hearkening  
Every wild murmurous echo,—  
Hint of your laughter,— the birdlike  
Voice of my Daphne.

Why do the poplar leaves whisper  
Things to themselves in the silence,  
Though no wind visits the valley,  
Daphne, my Daphne?

Listen! I hear their small voices,  
An elfin multitude, mingle,  
Lispings in silver-leaf language,  
“Daphne, O Daphne!”

---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

Listen ! I hear the cold hill-brook  
Plash down the clove on its pebbles,  
And the ravine drenched in moonlight  
Echoing, " Daphne ! "

" Daphne," the rain says at nightfall ;  
" Daphne," the wind breathes at morning ;  
And a voice troubles the hot noon  
Uttering " Daphne."

Ah, what impassioned remembrance,  
In the dark pines in the starlight,  
Touches the dream of your wood-thrush,  
O my lost Daphne,

Dyeing his sleep like a bubble  
Coloured for joy, and the note comes,  
Golden, enchanted, eternal,  
Calling for Daphne !

---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

O Mother Earth, at how many  
Thresholds of lone-dwelling mortals  
Must I, a wayfarer, tarry,  
Asking for Daphne? —

How many times see their faces  
Fade to incredulous wonder,  
Hearing in some remote vale  
The story of Daphne,

Ere I at last through the twilight  
Hear the soft rapturous outcry,  
And as of old there will greet me  
Far-wandered Daphne?



## THE DEAD FAUN.

Who hath done this thing? What wonder is  
this that lies

On the green earth so still under purple skies,  
Like a hyacinth shaft the careless mower has  
cut

And thought of no more?

Who hath wrought this pitiful wrong on the  
lovely earth?

What ruthless hand could ruin that harmless  
mirth?

O heart of things, what undoing is here, never  
now

To be mended more!

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

No more, O beautiful boy, shall thy fleet feet  
stray

Through the cool beech wood on the shadowy  
mountain way,

Nor halt by the well at noon, nor trample the  
flowers

On the forest floor.

Thy beautiful light-seeing gold-green eyes, so  
glad

When day came over the hill, so wondrous sad

When the burning sun went slowly under the  
sea,

Shall look no more.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Thy nimble fingers that plucked the fruit from  
the bough,  
Or fondled the nymph's bright hair and filleted  
brow,  
Or played the wild mellow pipe of thy father  
Pan,  
    Shall play no more.

Thy sensitive ears that knew all the speech of  
the wood,  
Every call of the birds and the creatures, and  
understood  
What the wind to the water said, what the  
river replied,  
    Shall hear no more.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Thy scarlet and lovely mouth which the dryads  
knew,  
Dear whimsical ardent mouth that love spoke  
through,  
For all the kisses of life that it took and gave,  
Shall say no more.

Who hath trammelled those feet that never  
again shall rove?  
Who hath bound these hands that never again  
shall move?  
Who hath quenched the lamp in those eyes that  
never again  
Shall be lighted more?

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Who hath stopped those ears from our heart-  
broken words forever ?

Who hath sealed that wonderful mouth with its  
secret forever ?

Who hath touched this innocent being with  
pitiless death,

And he is no more ?

He was fair as a mortal and spiritual as a  
flower ;

He knew no hate, but was happy within the  
hour.

The Gods had given him beauty and freedom  
and joy,

Could they give no more ?

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Is all their wisdom and power so fond a thing?  
Must he perish, nor ever return with returning  
    Spring,  
But be left like a dead-ripe fruit on the ground  
    for a stranger  
    To find and deplore?

They have given to mortal man the immortal  
    scope,  
The perilous chance, unrest and remembrance  
    and hope,  
That imperfection may come to perfection still  
    By some fabled shore.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Did they give this being, this marvellous work  
of their hands,

No breath of the greater life with its grief and  
demands?

Do beauty and love without bitter knowledge  
attain

    This and no more?

The wind may whisper to him, he will heed  
no more;

The leaves may murmur and lisp, he will  
laugh no more;

The oreads weep and be heavy at heart for  
him,

    He will care no more.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

The reverberant thrushes may peal from the  
hemlock glooms,  
The summer clouds be woven on azure looms;  
He is done with all lovely things of earth for-  
ever

And ever more.



### HYLAS.

Cool were the grey-mottled beeches,  
Quiet with noon were the fern-beds,  
Where by the bubbling spring water  
Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers,  
Dipping his jar till it gurgled,  
Suddenly there the bright naiads  
(Woe for thee, Hylas!)

Looked and beheld his fair beauty  
Better their well-head, and straightway  
Exquisite longing possessed them  
Only for Hylas.

---

H Y L A S

---

When he returned not at sundown,  
"Over long," said his companions,  
As slow dismay came upon them,  
T'arries young Hylas."

Never again did his comrades  
Find the lost rower, nor maidens  
See from their doorways at twilight  
Home-coming Hylas.

Thenceforth another must labour  
To the timed thud of his rowlock,  
And only legends keep tally  
Of the lost Hylas.

Yet even now, when the springtime  
Verdures the valley, and rain-winds  
Voyage for lands undiscovered,  
As once did Hylas,

---

H Y L A S

---

With a great star on the hill-crest  
In purple evening, a flute-note  
Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls,  
"Hylas, Hylas!"

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB.

What old grey ruin can this be,  
Beside the blue Saronic Sea?  
What tomb is this, what temple here,  
Thus side by side so many a year?

This is that temple Phædra built  
To Aphrodite, having spilt  
Her whole heart's great warm love in vain,  
One lovely mortal's love to gain;  
Yet trusting by that fervent will,  
Consuming and unconquered still,  
In spite of failure and of fate,  
By favour of the gods to sate  
Her splendid lost imperious  
Mad love for young Hippolytus,  
Whose brilliant beauty seemed to glow

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Like a tall Alp in rosy snow,  
While love and passion, wind and fire,  
Flared through the field of her desire.

“ Great Mother, come from Paphos now  
With benediction on thy brow,  
And pity ! Not beneath the sun  
Lives such another hapless one.  
O Aphrodite of the sea,  
For love have mercy upon me !  
Give me his beauty now to slake  
This body's longing and soul's ache !  
Touch his cold heart until he know  
The divine sorrow of love's woe.”

What madness hers, what folly his !  
And all their beauty come to this  
Epitome of mortal doom —  
A name, a story, and a tomb !

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Have ye not seen the fog from sea  
On Autumn mornings silently  
Steal in to land, and wrap the sun  
With its grey, cold oblivion ?

The goddess would not smile on her,  
On him no gentler mood confer.  
He still must flush his maiden whim ;  
She still must leash her love for him,  
A fancy lawless and superb,  
Too wild to tame, too strong to curb,  
Too great for her to swerve or stay  
In our half-hearted modern way.

Have ye not seen the fog from land  
Blow out to sea, and leave the band  
Of orange marsh and lilac shore  
To brood in Autumn peace once more ?

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

So there survives the magic fame  
Of her imperishable name,—  
Light from a time when love was great,  
And strong hearts had no fear of fate,  
But lived and strove and wrought and died,  
With beauty for their only guide.

And yet this temple, raised and wrought  
With prayers and tears, availed her naught.  
The years with it have had their will;  
Her soft name is a by-word still  
For thwarted spirit, vexed and teased  
By yearnings that cannot be eased,—  
The soul that chafes upon the mesh  
Of tenuous yet galling flesh.

How blue that midday shadow is  
In the white dust of Argolis! . . .  
This is her tomb. . . . See, near at hand,  
This myrtle! Here she used to stand

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Those days when her love-haunted eyes  
Saw her new-built hope arise,  
Watching the masons set the stone  
And fingering her jewelled zone,  
Or moving restless to and fro,  
Her pale brows knit a little, so.

Look! every leaf pierced through and through!  
I doubt not the gold pin she drew  
From her dark hair, and, as the storm  
Of love swept through her lovely form  
With pique and passion, thrust on thrust,  
Vented her vehemence. O dust,  
That once entempled such a flame  
With beauty, colour, line and name,  
And gave great Love a dwelling-place  
Behind so fair, so sad a face,  
Where is thy wilful day-dream now,  
That passionate lip, that moody brow?



---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Ah, fair Greek woman, if there bloom  
Some flower of knowledge in the gloom,  
Receive the piteous, loving sigh  
Of one more luckless passer-by.  
Peace, peace, wild heart! Unsatisfied  
Has every mortal lived and died,  
Since thy dear beauty found a bed  
Forever with the dreaming dead,  
In seagirt Hellas long ago,  
Immortal for thy mortal woe!

## A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

O pipes of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your piercing music can!  
When I set my lip  
To your reedy lip,  
And you feel the urging man-breath slip

Through fibre and flake,  
Bidding you wake  
To the strange new being for beauty's sake,  
I pray there be  
Returned to me  
The strength of the hills and the strength of  
the sea.

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

O river reed,  
In whom the need  
Of the journeying river once was freed,  
As of old your will  
Was the water's will,  
To quiver and call or sleep and be still,

So now anew  
I breathe in you  
The ardour no alchemy can subdue,  
And add the dream,—  
The immortal gleam  
That never yet fell on meadow or stream.

I breathe and blow  
On your dumb mouth so,  
Till your lurking soul is alive and aglow.  
Ah, breathe in me  
The strength of the sea,  
The calm of the hills and the strength of the sea!

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

Love, joy, and fear,  
From my faint heart here,  
Shall melt in your cadence wild and clear.  
With freedom and hope  
I range and grope,  
Till I find new stops in your earthly scope.

The pleading strain  
Of pathos and pain,  
The diminished chord and the lost refrain ;  
The piercing sigh,  
The joyous cry,  
The sense of what shall be bye and bye ;

The grief untold  
Out of man's heart old,  
Which endures that another may still be bold ;  
The wiser will  
That foregoes self-will  
And aspires to truth beyond trammel or ill ;

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

Ambition unsure,  
And the splendid lure  
Of whim in his harlequin vestiture ;  
And the reach of sound  
Into thought's profound ;  
All these I add to your power earth-bound ;

But most, the awe  
That perceives where law  
Is revealed at last without fault or flaw,—  
The touch of mind  
That would search and find  
The measure of beauty, the purpose of kind.

So with the fire  
Of man's desire  
Your notes shall outreach the mountain choir.  
Brook, breeze, and bird  
Shall hear the Word,  
And know 'tis their master they have heard.

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

And the lowly reed,  
Whose only need  
Was to sigh with the wind in the river weed,  
Shall be heard as far  
As from star to star,  
Where Algol answers to Algebar.

For the soul must trace  
Her wondrous race  
By a seventh sense on the charts of space,  
Till she come at last,  
Through the vague and vast,  
To her own heart's haven fixed and fast.

O pipes of Pan,  
Whose music ran  
Through the world ere ever my age began,  
When I set my lip  
To your woodland lip,  
I pray some draft of your virtue slip

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

From each mellow throat,  
As note by note,  
A learner, I try for the secret rote,—  
The rhythm and theme  
That shall blend man's dream  
Of perfection with nature's imperfect scheme!

Blow low, blow high,  
Your haunting cry  
For me, a wayfarer passing by;  
Blow soft or keen,  
I shall listen and lean  
To catch what your whispered messages mean.

I shall hear, and heed  
The voice of the reed,  
And be glad of my kinfolk's word, indeed.  
I shall hearken and hear  
Your untroubled cheer  
From the earth's deep heart, serene and clear.

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

Blow cold and shrill,  
As the wind from the hill,  
I yet shall follow to learn your will ;  
Blow soft and warm,  
As an April storm,  
I shall listen and feel my soul take form.

Blow glad and strong,  
As the grosbeak's song,  
And I mount with you over hurt and wrong ;  
Blow little and thin,  
As the cricket's din ;  
But my door is wide, and I bid them in.

Blow, blow till there be  
Inbreathed in me  
Tinge of the loam and tang of the sea,—  
A vagrom man,  
Favoured of Pan,  
Made out of ardour and sinew and tan,



---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

With the seeing eye  
For meadow and sky,  
The want only beauty can satisfy,  
And the wandering will,  
The questing will,  
The inquisitive, glad, unanxious will,

That must up and away  
On the brave essay  
Of the fair and far through the long sweet day,—  
Of the fine and true,  
The wondrous and new,  
All the warm radiant bright world through.

Blow me the tune  
Of the ripe red moon,  
I shall sleep like a child by the roadside soon;  
And the tune of the sun;  
When our piping is done,  
Lo, others shall finish what we have begun.

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

For the spell we cast  
Shall prevail at last,—  
When fault is forgotten and failure past,—  
Prevail and restore  
To earth once more  
The lost enchantment, the wonder-lore.

And I must attain  
To the road again,  
With the wandering dust and the wandering  
rain,—  
A sojourner too  
My way pursue,  
Who am spirit and substance, even as you.

Then give me the slow  
Large will to grow,  
As your fellows down by the brookside grow.  
Ah, blow, and breed  
In my manhood's need  
The long sweet patience of flower and seed!

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

O pipes of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your earthly music can ;  
And create in me  
From your melody  
The strength of the hills and the strength of  
the sea !

## THE TIDINGS TO OLAF.

*This is a question arose in the Norseland long ago,  
About the time of Yule, the season of joy and snow.  
To-morrow, our Christmas Day, can you answer  
straight and true,  
After these thousand years, when the question comes  
to you?*

Olaf sat on his throne, and the priest of Thor  
stood by ;  
And the King's eyes were grey as the December  
sky.

“Whom shall we serve, O King—the god  
of thy fathers, Thor,  
Who made us lords of the sea, and gave us our  
land in war,

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ Who follows our battle flag over the barren  
brine,

Who braces the bursting heart when the rowers  
bend in line,

“ Who hath made us the fear of the world and  
the envy of the earth,

Whose splendour sustains us in death, who hath  
given us plenty for dearth,

“ Or this poor, thought-ridden Jew, an outcast  
whose head was priced

At thirty pieces of silver, this friendless anarchist,  
Christ ?

“ Is not thine empire spread over the Western  
Isles ?

Are not thy people sown wherever the sun-path  
smiles ?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Do there not come to thee iron and gems  
and corn ?

Does not thy glory blaze wherever our trade  
is borne ?

“Over the red sea-rim thy galleys go down  
with the sun ;

Beyond the gates of the storm thy written  
mandates run.

“Behold, new lands arise to the lift of thy dar-  
ing prows,

And health and riches and joy prosper thy fir-  
built house.

“Is there lack to thee of aught the strength of  
thy folk can give,

When the will and the longing come to stretch  
out thy hand and live ?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

"Honey and fruit and wine, are they not piled  
on the board?

Do not a hundred tribes pay tribute to our  
Lord?

"Olaf, beloved of the gods! Is there an out-  
land tongue,

Is there an isle of the sea where thy praise has  
not been sung?

"Scarlet and silk and gold gleam on thy breast  
and brow.

Had the kings of the earth of old such honour  
and freedom as thou?

"Might and dominion and power and majesty,  
are they not thine?

Will the seed of warrior kings dishonour the  
war-god's shrine?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“O King, do I speak this day in thy name, or  
forevermore  
Let perish the ancient creed? By thy grace,  
is it Christ or Thor?”

Olaf sat on his throne. And the Priest of Thor  
gave place  
To a pale dark monk. All eyes were bent on  
the stranger's face.

“O King, how shall I speak and answer this  
wisdom of eld?  
Yet the new trees of the forest spring up where  
the old are felled.

“When the sombre and ancient firs are laid  
in the dust, in your North,  
The tender young green of the birch and the  
delicate aspen put forth.



---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

"Is the land left naked and bare, because the  
brush-fires have run?

Ye have seen the soft carpet of fern spread  
down where the blackening was done.

"With beauty God covers the ground, no acre  
too poor to befriend,

That thou and I and all men may perceive and  
comprehend.

"He carries the sea in His hand, He lights the  
stars in the sky,

And whispers over thy soul as the shadows  
move on the rye.

"The King has his kingly state, but his heart is  
the heart of man,

Swept over by clouds of grief, then sunlit with  
joy for a span.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“And every living spirit that is clothed with  
flesh and bone  
Is just so much of God's being, His presence  
revealed and known.

“We are part of God's breath, as the gust,  
whereby thy hearth-fire is fanned,  
Is part of the wild north-wind that rolls the  
breakers to land.

“We are a part of His life, as the waves are a  
part of the sea,  
A moment uplift in the sun, then merged in  
eternity.

“What is it, O man and King, that stretches  
between us twain,  
Like the living tides that gird the islands of the  
main?

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

"What lifts thy name, Olaf, aloft on the shout  
of thy folk in war?

What keeps it warm by the hearth? Is it the  
favour of Thor?

"No! 'Tis the love of thy people, the great  
common love of thy kind,

The thing that is old as the sun and stronger  
than the wind.

"And, Olaf, all these things, these goods  
which thy priest proclaims,

That make thee a lord among men, and give  
thee a name above names,

"Are gifts of the spirit of love. Take away  
love, and thy throne

Melts like a word on the air; thou art a name  
unknown.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ Is the King heavy at heart, and no man can  
tell him why ;  
What does his glory avail to put the heavi-  
ness by ?

“ But like any poor nameless man among men,  
the mighty King  
Is heartened among his folk by the simple love  
they bring.

“ Is the King weary in mind, and none can  
lighten his mood ;  
What cheers him to power anew but thought  
of his people's good ?

“ To love, to know, and to do ! So we grow  
perfect apace,  
The human made more divine, as the old to  
the new gives place.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ But who will show us the way, — be lantern  
and staff and girth ?

Where is the Light of the World and the  
Sweetness of the Earth ?

“ The King has a thousand men, yet one more  
brave than the rest ;

The King has a hundred bards, yet one the  
wisest and best ;

“ The King has a score of friends, yet one most  
accounted of.

And now, if these three were one, in courage,  
in wisdom and love,

“ There were the matchless friend, whose cause  
should enlist all lands,

Gentle, intrepid, and true. And there, O King,  
Christ stands.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Freedom and knowledge and joy, not mine  
nor any man’s,  
But open to all the earth without proscription  
or bans,

“Where is the bringer of these? His hand is  
upon thy door.  
And He who knocks, O King, is a greater God  
than Thor.

“Olaf, ’tis Yule in the world; the old creeds  
groan and fall,  
The ice of doubt at their heart, the snows of  
fear over all.

“But now, even now, O friends, deep down in  
the kindly earth,  
Are not the marvellous seeds awaiting the hour  
of birth?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Even now in the sunlit places, do not the  
saplings prepare

To unfold their new growth to the light, un-  
sheathe their rich huds on the air?

“And so, from the dark, sweet mould of the  
human heart will arise,

To enmorning the world with light and this  
life emparadise,

“The deathless, young glory of love. And  
valley and hill and plain

And fields and cities of men, they shall not  
sorrow again.

“For there shall be freedom and peace and  
beauty in that far spring,

And folk shall go forth without fear, and be  
glad at their work and sing.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“And men will hallow this day with His name  
who died on the tree,  
For the cause of eternal love, in the service of  
liberty.

“O King, shall the feet of Truth come in  
through th' open door,  
Or alone out of all the world be debarred? Is  
it Christ or Thor?”

The King sat on his throne, and the two priests  
stood by.

And Olaf's eyes grew mild as a blue April sky.

*Thus were the tidings to Olaf brought in the early  
days,*

*To be a lamp in his house, and a sign-post in the  
ways.*

*And you, O men and women, does it concern you at  
all,*

*That Truth still cries at the cross-roads, and you  
do not heed his call?*



THE PRAYER IN THE ROSE  
GARDEN.

Lord of this rose garden,  
At the end of May,  
Where thy guests are bidden  
To tarry for a day,

Through the sweet white falling  
Of the tender rain,  
With thy roses theeward  
Lift this dust again.

Make the heart within me  
That crumbles to obey,  
Perceive and know thy secret  
Desire from day to day ;

---

THE PRAYER IN THE ROSE GARDEN

---

Even as thy roses,  
Knowing where they stand  
Before the wind, thy presence,  
Tremble at thy hand.

Make me, Lord, for beauty,  
Only this I pray,  
Like my brother roses,  
Growing day by day,

Body, mind and spirit,  
As thy voice may urge  
From the wondrous twilight  
At the garden's verge,

Till I be as they be,  
Fair, then blown away,  
With a name like attar,  
Remembered for a day.



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Published, May, 1903

TO THE  
MEMORY OF MY FRIEND  
**Edward Nathan Gibbs**

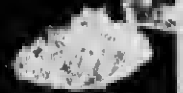
*Out of doors are budding trees, calling birds, and opening  
flowers,  
Purple rainy distances, fragrant winds and lengthening  
hours.*

*Only in the loving heart, with its unforgetting mind,  
There is grief for seasons gone and the friend it cannot find.*

*For upon this lovely earth mortal sorrow still must bide,  
And remembrance still must lurk like a pang in beauty's  
side.*

*Ah, one wistful heartache now April with her joy must  
bring,  
And the want of you return always with returning spring!*

*New York, April, 1903.*



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"LORD OF MY HEART'S  
ELATION."

Lord of my heart's elation,  
Spirit of things unseen,  
Be thou my aspiration  
Consuming and serene !

Bear up, bear out, bear onward  
This mortal soul alone,  
To selfhood or oblivion,  
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened  
And blown along the sea,  
Or sink and merge forever  
In that which bids them be.

---

“LORD OF MY HEART’S ELATION”

---

I, too, must climb in wonder,  
Uplift at thy command, —  
Be one with my frail fellows  
Beneath wind’s strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column  
Of dust or mountain rain,  
To walk the earth a moment  
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation  
Or fortitude of mien,  
Lord of the world’s elation  
Thou breath of things unseen!

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE  
BARDS.

There is a book not written  
By any human hand,  
The prophets all have studied,  
The priests have always banned.

I read it every morning,  
I ponder it by night ;  
And Death shall overtake me  
Trimming my humble light.

He'll say, as did my father  
When I was young and small,  
" My son, no time for reading !  
The night awaits us all."

---

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

---

He'll smile, as did my father  
When I was small and young,  
That I should be so eager  
Over an unknown tongue.

Then I would leave my volume  
And willingly obey, —  
Get me a little slumber  
Against another day.

Content that he who taught me  
Should bid me sleep awhile,  
I would expect the morning  
To bring his courtly smile ;

New verses to decipher,  
New chapters to explore,  
While loveliness and wisdom  
Grew ever more and more.

---

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

---

For who could ever tire  
Of that wild legendry,  
The folk-lore of the mountains,  
The drama of the sea?

I pore for days together  
Over some lost refrain, —  
The epic of the thunder,  
The lyric of the rain.

This was the creed and canon  
Of Whitman and Thoreau,  
And all the free believers  
Who worshipped long ago.

Here Amiel in sadness,  
And Burns in pure delight,  
Sought for the hidden import  
Of man's eternal plight.

---

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

---

No Xenophon nor Cæsar  
This master had for guide,  
Yet here are well recorded  
The marches of the tide.

Here are the marks of greatness  
Accomplished without noise,  
The Elizabethan vigour,  
And the Landorian poise ;

The sweet Chaucerian temper,  
Smiling at all defeats ;  
The gusty moods of Shelley,  
The autumn calms of Keats.

Here were derived the gospels  
Of Emerson and John ;  
'Twas with this revelation  
The face of Moses shone.

---

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

---

Here Blake and Job and Omar  
The author's meaning traced ;  
Here Virgil got his sweetness,  
And Arnold his unhaste.

Here Horace learned to question,  
And Browning to reply,  
When Soul stood up on trial  
For her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits  
Who read in the great book,  
Then went away in silence  
With their illumined look,

Left comment, as time furnished  
A margin for their skill, —  
Their guesses at the secret  
Whose gist eludes us still.

---

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

---

And still in that green volume,  
With ardour and with youth  
Undaunted, my companions  
Are searching for the truth.

One page, entitled Grand Pré,  
Has the idyllic air  
That Bion might have envied :  
I set a foot-note there.



FIRST CROAK.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Tell her I  
Long to go, —

Only am  
Satisfied  
Where the wide  
Maples flame,

Over those  
Hills of fir,  
Flooding her  
Morning snows.

---

FIRST CROAK

---

Thou shalt see  
Break and sing  
Days of spring,  
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly,—  
Strive, or die  
Striving so!

Darker hearts,  
We, than some  
Who shall come  
When spring starts.

Well I see,  
You and I  
By and by  
Shall get free.

---

FIRST CROAK

---

Only now,  
Beat away  
As we may  
Best know how!

Never soar  
We, nor float;  
But one note,  
And no more.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Would that I  
Too might go!

Lark or thrush  
Someday, you  
Up the blue  
Cleave the hush.

---

FIRST CROAK

---

O the joy  
Then you feel,  
Who shall steal  
Or destroy ?

Have not I  
Known how good,  
Field and wood,  
Stream and sky ? —

Longed to free  
Soul in flight,  
Night by night,  
Tree to tree ?

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly  
You and I, —  
Striving, go.

---

FIRST CROAK

---

Still though fail  
Singing, keep  
Croaking deep  
Strong and hale!

Flying straight,  
Soon we go  
Where the snow  
Tarries late.

Yet the spring  
Is — how sweet!  
Hark that beat;  
Goldenwing!

Good for all  
Faint of heart,  
What a start  
In his call!

---

FIRST CROAK

---

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly,  
Though the sky  
Thunder No!

## A SUPPLICATION.

O April, angel of our mortal joy,  
Consoler of our human griefs and fears,  
Bringer of sunshine to this old grey earth,  
Hear once again the prayer of thy lone child,  
Return, return !

Mother of solace in the soft spring rain,  
Restorer of sane health to wounded souls,  
Ah, tarry not thy coming to our doors,  
But soon with twilight and the robin's voice,  
Return.

Behold, across the borders of the world,  
We wait thy reappearance with the flowers,  
Disconsolate, dispirited, forlorn,  
Our only childish and perpetual prayer,  
"Return, return !"

## APRIL WEATHER.

Soon, ah, soon the April weather  
With the sunshine at the door,  
And the mellow melting rain-wind  
Sweeping from the South once more.

Soon the rosy maples budding,  
And the willows putting forth,  
Misty crimson and soft yellow  
In the valleys of the North.

Soon the hazy purple distance,  
Where the cabined heart takes wing,  
Eager for the old migration  
In the magic of the spring.



---

A P R I L   W E A T H E R

---

Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers  
Through the forest white and frail,  
And the odorous wild cherry  
Gleaming in her ghostly veil.

Soon about the waking uplands  
The hepaticas in blue, —  
Children of the first warm sunlight  
In their sober Quaker hue, —

All our shining little sisters  
Of the forest and the field,  
Lifting up their quiet faces  
With the secret half revealed.

Soon across the folding twilight  
Of the round earth hushed to hear,  
The first robin at his vespers  
Calling far, serene and clear.

---

APRIL WEATHER

---

Soon the waking and the summons,  
Starting sap in bole and blade,  
And the bubbling, marshy whisper  
Steeping up through bog and glade.

Soon the frogs in silver chorus  
Through the night, from marsh and swale,  
Blowing in their tiny oboes  
All the joy that shall not fail, —

Passing up the old earth rapture  
By a thousand streams and rills,  
From the red Virginian valleys  
To the blue Canadian hills.

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,  
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,  
When a man's false angels vanish  
And the truth comes back to him.

---

APRIL WEATHER

---

Soon the majesty, the vision,  
And the old unfaltering dream,  
Faith to follow, strength to stablish,  
Will to venture and to seem ;

All the radiance, the glamour,  
The expectancy and poise,  
Of this ancient life renewing  
Its temerities and joys.

Soon the immemorial magic  
Of the young Aprilian moon,  
And the wonder of thy friendship  
In the twilight — soon, ah, soon !

.        SPRING MAGIC.

This morning soft and brooding  
In the warm April rain,  
The doors of sense are opened  
To set me free again.

I pass into the colour  
And fragrance of the flowers,  
And melt with every bird-cry  
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds  
To raptures without name ;  
And in the yellow tulips  
Burn with a pure still flame.

---

SPRING MAGIC

---

I blend with the soft shadows  
Of the young maple leaves,  
And mingle in the rain-drops  
That shine along the eaves.

I lapse among the grasses  
That green the river's brink ;  
And with the shy wood creatures  
Go down at need to drink.

I fade in silver music,  
Whose fine unnumbered notes  
The frogs and rainy fifers  
Blow from their reedy throats.

No glory is too splendid  
To house this soul of mine,  
No tenement too lowly  
To serve it for a shrine.

---

SPRING MAGIC

---

How is it we inherit  
This marvel of new birth,  
Sharing the ancient wonder  
And miracle of earth ?

What wisdom, what enchantment,  
What magic of Green Fire,  
Could make the dust and water  
Obedient to desire ?

Keep thou, by some large instinct,  
Unwasted, fair, and whole,  
The innocence of nature,  
The ardour of the soul ;

And through the house of being  
Thou art at liberty  
To pass, enjoy, and linger,  
Inviolat and free.

## THE ENCHANTRESS.

Have you not seen a witch to-day  
Go dancing through the misty woods,  
Her mad young beauty hid beneath  
A tattered gown of crimson buds ?

She glinted through the alder swamp,  
And loitered by the willow stream,  
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,  
With bare brown throat and eyes a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,  
Her bird the flame-bright oriole ;  
She comes with freedom and with peace,  
And glad temerities of soul.

---

THE ENCHANTRESS

---

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,  
Who broods upon the world at noon,  
And woos her wonder to his will  
At setting of the frail new moon.



## THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR.

Vermilion and ashen and azure,  
Pigment of leaf and wing,  
What will the sorceress Ishtar  
Make out of colour and spring?

Of old was she not Aphrodite,  
She who is April still,  
Mistress of longing and beauty,  
The sea, and the Hollow Hill?

Ashtoreth, Tanis, Astarte —  
A thousand names she has borne,  
Since the first new moon's white magic  
Was laid on a world forlorn.

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

Odour of tulip and cherry,  
Scent of the apple blow,  
Tang of the wild arbutus —  
These to her crucible go.

Honey of lilac and willow,  
The spoil of the plundering bees,  
Savour of sap from the maples —  
What will she do with these ?

Oboe and flute in the forest,  
And pipe in the marshy ground,  
And the upland call of the flicker —  
What will she make of sound ?

Start of the green in the meadow,  
Push of the seed in the mould,  
Burst of the bud into blossom —  
What will her cunning unfold ?

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

The waning belt of Orion,  
The crescent zone of the moon —  
What is the mystic transport  
We shall see accomplished soon ?

The sun and the rain and the South wind,  
With all the treasure they bring —  
What will the sorceress Ishtar  
Make from the substance of spring ?

She will gather the blue and the scarlet,  
The yellow and crimson dye,  
And weave them into a garment  
Of magical texture and ply.

And whoso shall wear that habit  
And favour of the earth,  
He shall be lord of his spirit,  
The creatures shall know his worth.

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

She will gather the broken music,  
Fitting it chord by chord,  
Till the hearer shall learn the meaning,  
As a text that has been restored.

She will gather the fragrance of lilacs,  
The scent of the cherry flower,  
And he who perceives it shall wonder,  
And know, and remember the hour.

She will gather the moonlight and starshine,  
And breathe on them with desire,  
And they shall be changed on the moment  
To the marvel of earth's green fire, —

The ardour that kindles and blights not,  
Consumes and does not destroy,  
Renewing the world with wonder,  
And the hearts of men with joy.

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

For this is the purpose of Ishtar,  
In her great lone house of the sky,  
Beholding the work of her hands  
As it shall be by and by :

Out of the passion and splendour,  
Faith, failure and daring, to bring  
The illumined dream of the spirit  
To perfection in some far spring.

Therefore, shall we not obey her, —  
Awake and be glad and aspire, —  
Wise with the ancient knowledge,  
Touched with the earthly fire ?

In the spell of the wild enchantment  
The shy wood creatures know,  
Must we not also with Ishtar  
Unhindered arise and go ?

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

Hearing the call and the summons,  
Heeding the hint and the sign,  
Rapt in the flush and the vision,  
Shall we demur or repine ?

Dare you deny one impulse,  
Dare I one joy suppress ?  
Knowing the might and dominion,  
The lure and the loveliness,

Delirium, glamour, bewitchment,  
Bidding earth blossom and sing,  
Shall we falter or fail to follow  
The voice of our mother in spring ?

For Love shall be clothed with beauty,  
And walk through the world again,  
Hearing the haunted cadence  
Of an immortal strain ;

---

THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR

---

Caring not whence he wandered,  
Fearing not whither he goes,  
Great with the fair new freedom  
That every earth-child knows ;

Impetuous as the wood-wind,  
Ingenuous as a flower,  
Glad with the fulness of being,  
Born of the perfect hour ;

Counting not cost nor issue,  
Weighing not end and aim,  
Sprung from the clay-built cabin  
To powers that have no name.

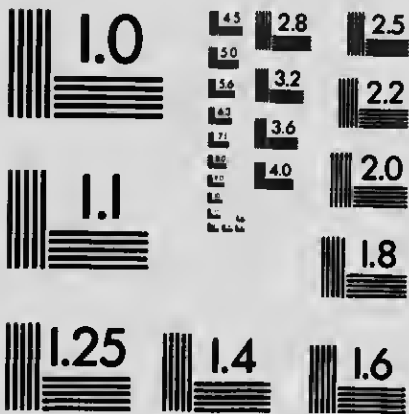
And with all his soul and body  
He shall only seek one thing ;  
For that is the madness of Ishtar,  
Which comes upon earth in spring.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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## A CREATURE CATECHISM.

### I.

*Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the sea?*

Lord, *said a flying fish,*  
Below the foundations of storm  
We feel the primal wish  
Of the earth take form.

Through the dim green water-fire  
We see the red sun loom,  
And the quake of a new desire  
Takes hold on us down in the gloom.

No more can the filmy drift  
Nor drafty currents buoy  
Our whim to its bent, nor lift  
Our heart to the height of its joy.

---

A CREATURE CATECHISM

---

When sheering down to the Line  
Come polar tides from the North,  
Thy silver folk of the brine  
Must glimmer and forth.

Down in the crumbling mill  
Grinding eternally,  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the sea.

II.

*Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the air ?*

Lord, said a butterfly,  
Out of a creeping thing,  
For days in the dust put by,  
The spread of a wing

---

A CREATURE CATECHISM

---

Emerges with pulvil of gold  
On a tissue of green and blue,  
And there is thy purpose of old  
Unspoiled and fashioned anew.

Ephemera, ravellings of sky  
And shreds of the Northern light,  
We age in a heart-beat and die  
Under the eaves of night.

What if the small breath quail,  
Or cease at a touch of the frost?  
Not a tremor of joy shall fail,  
Nor a pulse be lost.

This fluttering life, never still,  
Survives to oblivion's despair.  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the air.

III.

*Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the field?*

Lord, said a maple seed,  
Though well we are wrapped and bound,  
We are the first to give heed,  
When thy bugles give sound.

We banner thy House of the Hills  
With green and vermilion and gold,  
When the floor of April thrills  
With the myriad stir of the mould,

And her hosts for migration prepare.  
We too have the veined twin-wings,  
Vans for the journey of air.  
With the urge of a thousand springs

---

A CREATURE CATECHISM

---

Pent for a germ in our side,  
We perish of joy, being dumb,  
That our race may be and abide  
For æons to come.

When rivulet answers to rill  
In snow-blue valleys unscaled,  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the field.

IV.

*Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the ground ?*

Lord, when the time is ripe,  
*Said a frog through the quiet rain,*  
We take up the silver pipe  
For the pageant again.

---

A CREATURE CATECHISM

---

When the melting wind of the South  
Is over meadow and pond,  
We draw the breath of thy mouth,  
Reviving the ancient bond.

Then must we fife and declare  
The unquenchable joy of earth, —  
Testify hearts still dare,  
Signalise beauty's worth.

Then must we rouse and blow  
On the magic reed once more,  
Till the glad earth-children know  
Not a thing to deplore.

When rises the marshy trill  
To the soft spring night's profound,  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the ground.

v.

*Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the earth?*

Lord, said an artist born,  
We leave the city behind  
For the hills of open morn,  
For fear of our kind.

Our brother they nailed to a tree  
For sedition; they bully and curse  
All those whom love makes free.  
Yet the very winds disperse

Rapture of birds and brooks,  
Colours of sea and cloud, —  
Beauty not learned of books,  
Truth that is never loud.



---

A CREATURE CATECHISM

---

We model our joy into clay,  
Or help it with line and hue,  
Or hark for its breath in stray  
Wild chords and new.

For to-morrow can only fulfil  
Dreams which to-day have birth;  
We are the type of thy will  
To the tribes of the earth.

SURSUM CORDA.

I.

*The wind on the sea,  
The breath of God over the face of the deep,  
Whispers a word  
The tribes of his watery dominion rejoice having  
heard.*

To-day through the vaultless chambers  
Of the sea, below the range  
Of light's great beam to fathom,  
Soundless, unsearched of change,

There passed more vague than a shadow  
Which is, then is no more,  
The aura and draft of being,  
Like a breath through an open door.

---

SURSUM CORDA

---

The myriad fins are moving,  
The marvelous flanges play;  
Herring and shad and menhaden,  
They stir and awake and away.

Ungava, Penobscot, Potomac,  
Key Largo and Fundy side,  
The droves of the frail sea people  
Are arun in the vernal tide.

The old sea hunger to herd them,  
The old spring fever to drive,  
Within them the thrust of an impulse  
To wander and joy and thrive;

Below them the lift of the sea-kale,  
Before them the fate that shall be;  
As it was when the first white summer  
Drew the fog from the face of the sea.

II.

*The wind on the hills,  
The breath of God over the tops of the trees,  
Whispers a word  
The tribes of his airy dominion rejoice having  
heard.*

Last night we saw the curtain  
Of the red aurora wave,  
Through the ungirdered heaven  
Built without joist or trave,

Fleeting from silence to silence,  
As a mirror is stained by a breath, —  
The only sign from the Titan  
Sleeping in frosty death.

---

SURSUM CORDA

---

Yet over the world this morning  
The old wise trick has been done ;  
Our legions of rovers and singers,  
Arrived and saluting the sun.

The myriad wings atremhle,  
The marvellous throats astrain,  
Come the airy migrant people  
In the wake of the purple rain.

One joy that needs no bidding,  
One will that does not quail ;  
The whitethroat up from the barren,  
The starling down in the swale ;

The honk and clamour of wild geese,  
The call of the goldenwing ;  
From valley to lonely valley,  
The long exultation of spring.

---

SURSUM CORDA

---

III.

*The wind on the fields,  
The breath of God over the face of the ground,  
Whispers a word  
The tribes of his leafy dominion rejoice having  
heard.*

Crimson of Indian willow,  
Orange of maple plume,  
As a web of endless pattern  
Falls from a soundless loom,

The wide green marvel of summer  
Breaks from catkin and sheath,  
So silently only a spirit  
Could guess at the spirit beneath.

---

S U R S U M C O R D A

---

For these are the moveless people,  
Who only abide and endure,  
Yet no less feel their heart beat  
To the lift of the wild spring lure.

These are the keepers of silence,  
Who only adore and are dumb,  
With faith's own look of expecting  
The bidding they know will come.

The revel of leaves is beginning,  
The riot of sap is astir ;  
Dogwood and peach and magnolia  
Have errands they will not defer.

In the long sweet breath of the rainwind,  
In the warm, sweet hours of sun,  
They arise at the *Sursum corda*,  
A thousand uplifted as one.

IV.

*The wind in the street,  
The breath of God over the roofs of the town,  
Whispers a word  
The tribes of the Wandering Shadow rejoice having  
heard.*

The tribes of the Wandering Shadow !  
Ah, gypsying spirit of man,  
What tent hast thou, what solace,  
Since the nomad life began ?

Forever, wherever the springtime  
Halts by the open door,  
The heart-sick are healed in the sunshine,  
The sorry are sad no more.



---

SURSUM CORDA .

---

Something brighter than morning  
Washes the windowpane ;  
Something wiser than knowledge  
Sits by the hearth again.

Within him the sweet disquiet,  
Before him the old dismay,  
When the hand of Beauty beckons  
The wayfarer must away.

“ A brother to him who needs me,  
A son to her who needs ;  
Modest and free and gentle ; ”  
This is his creed of creeds.

To-night when the belt of Orion  
Hangs in the linden bough,  
The girl will meet her lover  
Where the quince is crimson now.

---

S U R S U M   C O R D A

---

For the sun of a thousand winters  
Will stop his pendulous swing,  
Ere man be a misbeliever  
In the scarlet legend of spring.

THE WORD IN THE BE-  
GINNING.

*In principio erat verbum.*

PRELUDE.<sup>1</sup>

This is the sound of the Word  
From the waters of sleep,  
The rain-soft voice that was heard  
On the face of the deep,  
When the fog was drawn back like a veil, and  
the sentinel tides  
Were given their thresholds to keep.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Go far!"

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Last Songs from Vagabondia* with the  
courteous permission of Small, Maynard & Co.

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THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

And the silvery sea-folk heard,  
Where their weed tents arc,  
From the long slow lift of the blue through the  
    Carib keys,  
To the thresh on Sable bar.

This is the Word that went by,  
Over sun-land and swale,  
The long Aprilian cry,  
Clear, joyous, and hale,  
When the summons went forth to the wild shy  
    broods of the air,  
To bid them once more to the trail.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be swift!"  
The fluttering sky-folk heard,  
And the warm dark thrift

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

Of the nomad blood revived, and they gathered  
for flight,  
By column and pair and drift.

This is the sound of the Word  
From bud-sheath and blade,  
When the reeds and the grasses conferred,  
And a gold beam was laid  
At the taciturn doors of the forest, where tar-  
ried the sun,  
For a sign they should not be dismayed.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be glad!"  
The abiding wood-folk heard,  
In their new green clad,  
Sanguine, mist-silver, and rose, while the sap in  
their veins  
Welled up as of old all unsad.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

This is the Word that flew  
Over snow-marsh and glen,  
When the frost-bound slumberers knew,  
In tree-trunk and den,  
Their bidding had come, they questioned not  
whence nor why, —  
They reckoned not whither nor when.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be wise!"  
The wintering ground-folk heard,  
Put the dark from their eyes,  
Put the sloth from sinew and thew, to wander  
and dare, —  
For ever the old surmise!

This is the Word that came  
To the spirit of Man,

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

And shook his soul like a flame  
In the breath of a fan,  
Till it burned as a light in his eyes, as a colour  
that grew  
And prospered under the tan.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be free!"  
Then he rose and put on the new garb,  
And knew he should be  
The master of knowledge and joy, though  
sprung from the tribes  
Of the earth and the air and the sea.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

I.

THE WORD TO THE WATER PEOPLE.

Who hath uttered the formless whisper,  
The rumour afloat on the tide,  
The need that speaks in the heart,  
The craving that will not bide ?

For the word without share is abroad,  
The vernal portent of change ;  
And from winter grounds, empty to-morrow,  
The fin-folk will gather and range.

It runs in the purple currents,  
Swaying the idle weed ;  
It creeps by the walls of coral,  
Where the keels of the ebb recede ;



---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

It calls in the surf above us,  
In thunder of reef and key,  
And where the green day filters  
Through soundless furlongs of sea.

It moves where the moving sea-fans  
Shadow the white sea-floor,  
It stirs where the dredging sand-runs  
Furrow and trench and score.

In channel and cave it finds us,  
In the curve of the Windward Isles,  
In the sway of the heaving currents,  
In the run of the long sea-miles,

In the green Floridian shallows,  
By marshes hot and rank,  
And below the reach of soundings  
Off the Great Bahaman Bank.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

The tribes of the water people,  
Scarlet and yellow and blue,  
Are awake, for the old sea-magic  
Is on them to rove anew.

They will ride in the great sea-rivers,  
And feed in the warm land streams,  
By cliffs where the gulls are nesting,  
By capes where the blue berg gleams.

The fleet and shining thousands  
Will follow the trackless lead  
Of the bidding that rises in them,  
The old ancestral need.

Will they mistrust or falter,  
Question or turn or veer?  
Will they put off their harness of colour,  
Or their gaudy hues ungear?

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING.

---

Eager, unwasted, undaunted,  
They go and they go. They have heard  
The lift of the faint strong summons,  
The lure of the watery word.

II.

THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF THE AIR.

Who hath uttered the wondrous hearsay,  
The rumour abroad on the air,  
The tribal journey summons,  
The signal to flock and fare?

Who hath talked to the shy bird-people,  
And counselled the feathered breast  
To follow the sagging rain-wind  
Over the purple crest?

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

O tribes of the silver whistle,  
And folk of the azure wing,  
Who hath revived in a night  
The magic tradition of spring?

By shores of the low Gulf Islands,  
Where the steaming lands emerge,  
By reefs of the Dry Tortugas,  
Drenched by the crumbling surge,

From the hot and drowsy shallows  
Of the silent Everglades,  
From creamy coral beaches  
In the breath of the Northeast Trades,

We have heard, without note or warble,  
Quaver or chirp or trill,  
The far and soft-blown tidings  
Summon from hill to hill.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

Up from the blue horizon,  
By canyon and ridge and plain,  
Where ride in misty columns  
The spearmen of the rain,

The broods of the light air-people  
Will bevy and team and throng,  
To fill the April valleys  
With gurgle and lisp and song.

They know where the new green leafage  
Spreads like the sweep of day,  
Over the low Laurentians  
And up through the Kootenay.

They know where the nests are waiting,  
And the icy ponds are thawed,  
For the stir and the sight are on them,  
Moving the legions abroad.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

The oriole under Monadnoc  
Will cast his golden spells ;  
In deep Ontarian meadows  
The reed-bird will loose his bells ;

The thrushes will flute over Grand Pré,  
The quail by the Manomet shore,  
The wild drake feed in the bogan,  
The swallow come back to the door.

Tanager, robin, and sparrow,  
Grosbeak, warbler and wren,  
The children of gladness gather  
In clearing and grove and fen

For the bright primeval summer,  
In their slumbering heart having heard  
A strain of the great *Resurgam*,  
A call of the airy word.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

III.

THE WORD TO PEOPLE OF THE WOOD

Who hath uttered the leafy whisper,  
The rumour that stirs the bough,  
That mounts with the sap, and flushes  
The buds with beauty now?

None hath report of the message,  
No single authentic word;  
Yet the tribes of the wood are stirring  
At the tidings they have heard.

To-day will the pear-trees blossom  
And the yellow jasmine vines,  
Where the soft Gulf winds are surfing  
In the dreamy Georgian pines.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

To-morrow the peach and the redbud  
Will join in the woodland pomp,  
Floating their crimson banners  
By smoky ridge and swamp ;

And the gleaming white magnolias,  
In many a city square,  
Will unfold in the heavenly leisure  
Of the kindly Southern air.

Next day over grey New England  
The magic of spring will go,  
Touching her marshes with yellow,  
Her hills with a purple glow.

Then the maple buds will break  
In an orange mist once more,  
Through lone Canadian valleys,  
From Baranov to Bras d'Or.



---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

And where the snowdrifts vanish  
From the floor of their piney home,  
Hepatica and arbutus,  
The shy wood-children, will come.

The elms on the meadow islands  
Will shadow the rustling sedge,  
The orchards reveal the glory  
Of earth by dike and ledge ;

The birch will unsheathe her tassels,  
The willow her silver plume,  
When the green hosts encamp  
By lake and river and flume.

For the tides of joy are running  
North with the sap and the sun,  
And the tribes of the wood are arrayed  
In their splendour one by one.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

Not one unprepared nor reluctant,  
With ardour unspent they have heard  
A note of the woodland music,  
A breath of the wilding word.

IV.

THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF THE GROUND.

Who hath uttered the faint earth-whisper,  
The rumour that spreads over ground,  
The sign that is hardly a signal,  
The sense that is scarcely sound?

Yet listen, the earth is awake,  
The magic of April is here ;  
The all but unobserved signal  
Is answered from far and near.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

Go forth in the morning and listen,  
For the coming of life is good ;  
The lapsing of ice in the rivers,  
The lispings of snow in the wood,

The murmur of streams in the mountains,  
The babble of brooks in the hills,  
And the sap of gladness running  
To waste from a thousand stills.

Go forth in the noonday and listen ;  
A soft multitudinous stir  
Betrays the new life that is moving  
In the houses of oak and fir.

A red squirrel chirps in the balsam ;  
A fox barks down in the clove ;  
The bear comes out of his tree-bole  
To sun himself, rummage and rove.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

In the depth of his wilderness fastness  
The beaver comes forth from his mound,  
And the tiny creatures awake  
From their long winter sleep under ground.

Go forth in the twilight and listen  
To that music fine and thin,  
When the myriad marshy pipers  
Of the April night begin.

Through reed-bed and swamp and shallow  
The heart of the earth grows bold,  
And the spheres in their golden singing  
Are answered on flutes of gold.

One by one, down in the meadow,  
Or up by the river shore,  
The frail green throats are unstopped,  
And inflated with joy once more.

---

THE WORD IN THE BEGINNING

---

O heart, canst thou hear and hearken,  
Yet never an answer bring,  
When thy brothers, the frogs in the valley,  
Go mad with the burden of spring?

So the old ardours of April  
Revive in her creatures to-day —  
The knowledge that does not falter,  
The longing that will not stay,

And the love that abides. Undoubting,  
In the deeps of their ken they have heard  
The ancient unwritten decretal,  
The lift of the buoyant word.

FROM AN OLD RITUAL.

O dwellers in the dust, arise,  
My little brothers of the field,  
And put the sleep out of your eyes!  
Your death-doom is repealed.

Lift all your golden faces now,  
You dandelions in the ground!  
You quince and thorn and apple bough,  
Your foreheads are unbound.

O dwellers in the frost, awake,  
My little brothers of the mould!  
It is the time to forth and slake  
Your being as of old.

---

FROM AN OLD RITUAL

---

You frogs and newts and creatures small  
In the pervading urge of spring,  
Who taught you in the dreary fall  
To guess so glad a thing?

From every swale your watery notes,  
Piercing the rainy cedar lands,  
Proclaim your tiny silver throats  
Are loosened of their bands.

O dwellers in the desperate dark,  
My brothers of the mortal birth,  
Is there no whisper bids you mark  
The Easter of the earth?

Let the great flood of spring's return  
Float every fear away, and know  
We are all fellows of the fern  
And children of the snow.

## FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

Green are the buds of the snowball,  
And green are the little birds  
That come to fill my branches  
Full of their gentle words.

What is it, tiny brothers ?  
What are you trying to say  
Over and over and over,  
In your broken-hearted way ?

Have you, too, darkling rumours  
In your sweet vagrancy, —  
News of a vast encounter  
Of storm and night and sea ?



## THE FIELD BY THE SEA.

On a grey day by the sea,  
I looked from the window and saw  
The beautiful companies of the daisies bow  
And toss in the gusty flaw.

For the wind was in from sea ;  
The heavy scuds ran low ;  
And all the makers of holiday were abashed,  
Caught in the easterly blow.

My heart, too, is a field,  
Peopled with shining forms,  
Beautiful as the companies of the grass,  
And herded by swift grey storms.

---

THE FIELD BY THE SEA

---

A thousand shapes of joy,  
Sunlit and fair and wild, —  
All the bright dreams that make the heart of a  
    man  
As the heart of a little child, —

They dance to the rune of the world,  
The star-trodden ageless rune,  
Glad as the wind-blown multitudes of the grass,  
White as the daisies in June.

But over them, ah, what storms, —  
In from the unknown sea,  
The uncharted and ever-sounding desolate main  
We have called Eternity !

They shudder and quake and are torn,  
As the stormy moods race by.  
And then in the teeth of remorse, the tempestuous lull,  
Once more the hardy cry :

---

THE FIELD BY THE SEA

---

“Fear not, little folk of my heart,  
Nor let the great hope in you fail!  
Being children of light, ye are made as the  
    flowers of the grass,  
To endure and survive and prevail.”

THE DANCERS OF THE  
FIELD.

The wind went combing through the grass,  
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed ;  
Such ecstasy as never was  
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun,  
And danced the radiant morn away ;  
Of all his brave eye looked upon,  
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon,  
Like a pale petal of the dusk  
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,  
They gave me no more need to ask

---

THE DANCERS OF THE FIELD

---

How immortality is named ;  
For I remembered like a dream  
How ages since my spirit flamed  
To wear their guise and dance with them.

THE BREATH OF THE REED.

*I heard the rushes in the twilight,  
I overheard them at the dusk of day.*

Make me thy priest, O Mother,  
And prophct of thy mood,  
With all the forest wonder  
Enraptured and imbued.

Be mine but to interpret,  
Follow nor misemploy,  
The doubtful books of silence,  
The alphabet of joy.

A pipe beneath thy fingers,  
Blown by thy lips in spring  
With the old madness, urging  
Shy foot and furtive wing,

---

THE BREATH OF THE REED

---

A reed wherein the life-note  
Is fluted clear and high,  
Immortal and unmeasured, —  
No more than this am I.

Delirious and plangent,  
I quiver to thy breath;  
Thy fingers keep the notches  
From discord and from death.

Unfaltering, unflagging,  
Comes the long, wild refrain,  
With ardours of the April  
In woodnotes of the rain.

Be mine the merest inkling  
Of what the shore larks mean,  
And what the gulls are crying  
The wind whereon they lean.

---

THE BREATH OF THE REED

---

Teach me to close the cadence  
Of one brown forest bird,  
Who opens so supremely,  
Then falters for thy word.

One hermit thrush entrancing  
The solitude with sound, —  
Give me the golden gladness  
Of music so profound.

So leisurely and orbic,  
Serene and undismayed,  
He runs the measure over,  
Perfection still delayed.

No hurry nor annoyance ;  
Enough for him, to try  
The large few notes of prelude  
Which put completion by.



---

THE BREATH OF THE REED

---

In ages long hereafter  
His heritor may learn  
What meant those pregnant pauses,  
And that unfinished turn.

So one shall read thy world-runes  
To find them all one day  
Parts of a single motive,  
Scored in an ancient way.

Till then, be mine to master  
One phrase in all that strain, —  
The dominance of beauty,  
The transiency of pain,

As swayed by tides of dreaming,  
Or bowed by gusts of thought,  
A reed within the river,  
I waver and am naught.

## POPPIES.

I who walk among the poppies  
In the burning hour of noon,  
Brother to their scarlet beauty,  
Feel their fervour and their swoon.

In this little wayside garden,  
Under the sheer tent of blue,  
The dark kindred in forgetting,  
We are of one dust and dew.

They, the summer-loving gipsies,  
Who frequent the Northern year;  
From an older land than Egypt,  
I, too, but a nomad here.

---

POPPIES

---

All day long the purple mountains,  
Those mysterious conjurors,  
Send, in silent premonition,  
Their still shadows by our doors.

And we listen through the silence  
For a far-off sound, which seems  
Like the long reverberant echo  
Of a sea-shell blown in dreams.

Is it the foreboded summons  
From the fabled Towers of Sleep,  
Bidding home the wandered children  
From the shore of the great deep?

All day long the sun-filled valley,  
Teeming with its ghostly thought,  
Glad in the mere lapse of being,  
Muses and is not distraught.

---

P O P P I E S

---

Then suffused with earth's contentment,  
The slow patience of the sun,  
As our heads are bowed to slumber  
In the shadows one by one,

Sweet and passionless, the starlight  
Talks to us of things to be :  
And we stir a little, shaken  
In the cool breath of the sea.

## COMPENSATION.

Not a word from the poplar-tree here on the  
hill?

Not a word from the stream in the bight of the  
clove?

Not a word from trail, clearing, or forest, to tell  
Their brother returned, how all winter they  
throve?

The old mountain ledges lay purple in June;  
The green mountain walls arose hazy and dark;  
I saw, heard, and loved all their beauty anew,  
But the soul in my body lay deaf, blind, and  
stark.

“O, Mother Natura, whom most with full  
heart,  
Boy, stripling, and man, I have loved, dost  
thou leave

---

COMPENSATION

---

Unanswered thy suppliant, troubled thy son, —  
To longing no respite, to doom no reprieve ? ”

Days, weeks, and months passed. Not a whisper  
outbroke,  
Not a word to be caught, not a hint to be had,  
By the soul from the world there, all leisure and  
sun  
In perfection of summer, warm, waiting, and  
glad !

The rosebreasted grosbeak his triumph pro-  
claimed ;  
The veery his wildest enchantment renewed ;  
And yet the old ardours not once were relit,  
Nor the heart as of old with wild magic imbued.

Until on an evening unlooked for, “ O Son, ” —  
Said the stream in the clove, spoke the wind on  
the hill ?

---

COMPENSATION

---

Did a bird in his sleep find the lost ancient  
tongue,  
Universal and clear, with the shadowy thrill

Mere language has never yet uttered? — “O  
Son,  
Was thy heart cold with doubt, hesitation,  
dismay,  
Or hot with resentment, because, as it seemed,  
For awhile it must journey alone and away?

“All winter the torrent must sleep under snow;  
All winter ash, poplar, and beech must endure;  
All winter thy rapturous brothers, the birds,  
Must be silent. Are they then, downcast or  
unsure?

“Nay, I but give them their seasons and times,  
Their moments of joy and their measure of  
rest;

---

COMPENSATION

---

They keep the great rhythm of life's come and  
go,  
The unwearied repose, the unhurrying zest.

“ With April I lifted them, bade longings be ;  
With June I have plenished their heart to the  
brim.

Will they question when over the world I have  
spread  
The scarlet of autumn with frost at the rim ?

“ Behold, while vexation was filling thy days,  
Thy deeper self, resting unmindful of harms,  
(With who knows what dreams of the splendid  
and true  
To be compassed at length !) lay asleep in my  
arms.”



---

CO M P E N S A T I O N

---

The moonlight, mysterious, stately, and blue,  
Lay out on the great mountain wall, deep and  
still;  
Far below the stream talked to itself in the  
clove;  
The poplar-tree talked to itself on the hill.

## THE SPELL.

I hung a string of verses  
Against my cabin wall.  
What think you was the fortune  
They prayed might me befall ?

Not fame nor health nor riches  
To tarry at my door,  
But that my vanished sweetheart  
Might visit me once more.

Out of the moted day-dream  
Among the boding firs,  
They prayed she might remember  
The lover that was hers.

---

THE SPELL

---

They prayed the gates of silence  
A moment might unclose,  
The hour before the hill-crest  
Is flushed with solemn rose.

O prayers of mortal longing,  
What latch can ye undo?  
What comrade once departed  
Ever returned for you?

All day with tranquil spirit  
I kept my cabin door,  
In wonder at the beauties  
I had not seen before.

I slept the dreamless slumber  
Of happiness again ;  
And when I woke, the thrushes  
Were singing in the rain.

A FOREST SHRINE.

When you hear that mellow whistle  
In the beeches unespied,  
Footfall soft as down of thistle  
Turn aside !

That's our golden hermit singer  
In his leafy house and dim,  
Where God's utterances linger  
Yet for him.

Built out of the firmamental  
Shafts of rain and beams of sun,  
Norse and Greek and Oriental  
Here are one.

---

A FOREST SHRINE

---

Gothic oak and Latin laurel  
Here but sentry that wild gush  
Of wood-music with their aural  
Calm and hush.

From those hanging airy arches  
Soars the azure roof of June,  
While among the feathery larches  
Hangs the moon.

Through that unfrequented portal,  
When the twilight winds are low,  
Messengers of things immortal  
Come and go ;

Whispers of a rumour hidden  
From slow reason, and revealed  
To the child of beauty bidden  
Far afield ;

---

A F O R E S T S H R I N E

---

Hints of rapture rare and splendid  
Furnished to the heart of man,  
As if, where mind's journey ended,  
Soul's began ;

As if, when we sighed, " No farther !  
Here our knowledge pales and thins ; "  
One had answered us, " Say rather,  
' Here begins. ' "

Argue me, " There is no gateway  
In this great wall we explore,"  
Till there comes a bird-note ; straight-  
way,  
There's the door !

Enter here, thou beauty-lover,  
The domain where soul resides ;  
Ingress thought could not discover,  
Sense provides.

---

A FOREST SHRINE

---

Ponder long and build at leisure,  
Architect ; yet canst thou rear  
Such a house for such a treasure  
As is here ?

Leader of the woods and brasses,  
Master of the winds and strings,  
Hast thou music that surpasses  
His who sings ?

You who lay cold proof's embargos  
On all wonder-working, tell  
Whence those fine reverberant *largos*  
Sink and swell !

Hark, that note of limpid glory  
Melts into the old earth-strain,  
And begins the woodland story  
Once again.

---

A F O R E S T S H R I N E

---

Hark that transport of contentment  
Blown into a mellow reed,  
Wild, yet tranquil — soul's preventment  
Of soul's need.

There the master voluntaries  
On his pipe of greenish gold;  
The wise theme whereon he varies,  
Never old.

What do we with those who grieve them  
O'er the fevers of the mind?  
Beauty's follower will leave them  
Far behind.

As the wind among the rushes,  
Were it not enough to know  
The sure joyance of the thrushes?  
Even so.



## AMONG THE ASPENS.

### I.

#### THE LOST WORD.

The word of the wind to the aspens  
I listened all day to hear;  
But over the hill or down in the swale  
He vanished as I drew near.

I asked of the quaking shadows,  
I questioned the shy green bird;  
But the falling river bore away  
The secret I would have heard.

Then I turned to my forest cabin  
In a clove of the Kaaterskill;  
And at dead of night, when the fire was low,  
The whisper came to my sill.

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

Now I know there will haunt me ever  
That word of the ancient tongue,  
Whose golden meaning, half divined,  
Was lost when the world was young.

I know I must seek and seek it,  
Through the wide green earth and round,  
Though I come in ignorance at last  
To the place of the Grassy Mound.

Yet it may be I shall find it,  
If I keep the patience mild,  
The pliant faith, the eager mind,  
And the heart of a little child.

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

II.

LEAF TO LEAF.

You know how aspens whisper  
Without a breath of air!  
I overheard one lisper  
Yesterday declare,

“When all the woods are sappy  
And the sweet winds arrive,  
My dancing leaves are happy  
Just to be alive.”

And presently another,  
With that laconic stir  
We take to be each other,  
Spoke and answered her,

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

“When the great frosts shall splinter  
Our brothers oak and pine,  
In the long night of winter  
Glad fortitude be thine!”

And where the quiet river  
Runs by the quiet hill,  
I heard the aspens shiver,  
Though all the air was still.

III.

THE PASSER BY.

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,  
“Who goes by on the hill,  
That you should tremble at dead of noon  
When the whole earth is still?”

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,  
"A loneliness drew nigh,  
And fear was on us, when we heard  
The mountain rain go by."

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,  
"Who went by on the hill?  
The rain was but your old grey nurse  
Crossing the granite sill."

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,  
"There was a ghostly sigh,  
And frosty hands were laid on us,  
As the lone fog went by."

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,  
"But who went by on the hill?  
The white fogs were your playfellows,  
And your companions still."

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,  
"We shook, I know not why,  
Huddled together when we saw  
A passing soul go by."

IV.

THE QUESTION.

I wondered who  
Kept pace with me, as I wandered through  
The mountain gorges blue.

I said to the aspen leaves,  
The timorous garrulous tribe of the forest folk,  
"Who people the wilderness,  
When the wind is away,  
And sparrow and jay  
Keep silence of noon on a summer day?"

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

And the leaves replied,  
"You must question our brother the rain of the  
mountain-side."

Then I said to the rain,  
The fleeing silvery multitudes of the rain,  
"Who people the wilderness,  
When the noon is still,  
And valley and hill  
Feel their pulses slow to the summer's will?"  
And the rain replied,  
"You must ask our brother the fog on the  
outward tide."

Then I said to the fog,  
The ancient taciturn companies of the sea-mist,  
"Who people the loneliness  
When your hordes emerge

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

On the grey sea verge,  
And the wind begins his wailing dirge?"  
And the fog replied,  
"Inquire of that inquisitor at your side."

Then I asked myself. But he knew,  
If report of sense be true,  
No more than you.

v.

A SENTRY.

All summer my companion  
Was a white aspen-tree,  
Far up the sheer blue canyon,  
A glad door-ward for me.



---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

There at the cabin entry,  
Where beauty went and came,  
Abode that quiet sentry,  
Who knew the winds by name.

And when to that lone portal,  
All the clear starlight through,  
Came news of things immortal  
No mortal ever knew,

That vigilant unweary  
Kept solitary post,  
And heard the woodpipes eery  
Of a fantastic host,

Play down the wind in sadness,  
Play up the wind in glee, —  
The ancient lyric madness,  
The joy that is to be.

---

AMONG THE ASPENS

---

They passed; the music ended;  
And through those rustling leaves  
The morning sun descended,  
With peace about my eaves.

## THE GREEN DANCERS.

When the Green Dance of summer  
Goes up the mountain clove,  
There is another dancer  
Who follows it for love.

To the sound of falling water,  
Processional and slow  
The children of the forest  
With waving branches go ;

And to the wilding music  
Of winds that loiter by,  
By trail, ravine and stream-bed,  
Troop up against the sky.

---

THE GREEN DANCERS

---

The bending yellow birches,  
The beeches cool and tall,  
Slim ash and flowering locust,  
My gipsy knows them all.

And light of foot she follows,  
And light of heart gives heed,  
Where in the blue-green chasm  
The wraiths of mist are freed.

For when the young winged maples  
Hang out their rosy pods,  
She knows it is a message  
From the primeval gods.

When tanager and cherry  
Show scarlet in the sun,  
She slips her careworn habit  
To put their gladness on.

---

THE GREEN DANCERS

---

And where the chestnuts flower  
Along the mountain-side,  
She, too, assumes the vesture  
And beauty of their pride.

She hears the freshening music  
That ushers in their day,  
When from the hemlock shadows  
The silver thrushes play.

When the blue moth at noonday  
Lies breathing with his wings,  
She knows what piercing woodnote  
Across the silence rings.

And when the winds of twilight  
Flute up the ides of June,  
Where Kaaterskill goes plainward  
Under a virgin moon,

---

THE GREEN DANCERS

---

My wild mysterious spirit  
For joy cannot be still,  
But with the woodland dancers  
Must worship as they will.

From rocky ledge to summit  
Where lead the dark-tressed firs,  
Under the open starshine  
Their festival is hers.

She sees the moonlit laurel  
Spread through the misty gloom  
(The soul of the wild forest  
Veiled in a mesh of bloom).

Then to the lulling murmur  
Of leaves she, too, will rest,  
Curtained by northern streamers  
Upon some dark hill-crest.

---

THE GREEN DANCERS

---

And still, in glad procession  
And solemn bright array,  
A dance of gold-green shadows  
About her sleep will play ;

Her signal from the frontier,  
There is no bar nor toll  
Nor dearth of joy forever  
To stay the gipsy soul.

THE WIND AT THE DOOR.

Often to my open door  
Comes a twilight visitor.

When the mountain summer day  
From our valley takes his way,

And the journeying shadows stride  
Over the green mountain-side,

Down the clove among the trees  
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest  
And the pale light in the west,



---

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

---

He comes up the dark ravine  
Where no traveller is seen.

Yet his coming makes a stir  
In the house of Ash and Fir:

"Master, is't in our abode  
You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,  
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill,  
As he passes up the hill:

"Stranger, underneath our boughs  
There is ample room to house."

"Friends, I have another quest  
Than your cool abiding rest."

---

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

---

And the fluttering Aspen knows  
Whose step by her doorway goes :

“ Honour, Lord, thy silver tree  
And the chamber laid for thee.”

“ Nay, I must be faring on,  
For to-night I seek my own.

“ Breath of the red dust is he  
And a wayfarer like me ;

“ Here a moment and then lost  
On a trail confused and crossed.

“ And I gently would surprise  
Recognition in his eyes ;

“ Touch his hand and talk with him  
When the forest light is dim,

---

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

---

"Taking counsel with the lord  
Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear some one try  
The west window furtively,

And then move among the leaves  
In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door  
Rustled ; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin.  
"Enter, brother ; I'm within."

AT THE YELLOW OF THE  
LEAF.

The falling leaf is at the door ;  
The autumn wind is on the hill ;  
Footsteps I have heard before  
Loiter at my cabin sill.

Full of crimson and of gold  
Is the morning in the leaves ;  
And a stillness pure and cold  
Hangs about the frosty eaves.

The mysterious autumn haze  
Steals across the blue ravine,  
Like an Indian ghost that strays  
Through his olden lost demesne.

---

AT THE YELLOW OF THE LEAF

---

Now the goldenrod invades  
Every clearing in the hills;  
The dry glow of August fades,  
And the lonely cricket shrills.

Yes, by every trace and sign  
The good roving days are here.  
Mountain peak and river line  
Float the scarlet of the year.

Lovelier than ever now  
Is the world I love so well.  
Running water, waving bough,  
And the bright wind's magic spell

Rouse the taint of migrant blood  
With the fever of the road, —  
Impulse older than the flood  
Lurking in its last abode.

---

AT THE YELLOW OF THE LEAF

---

Did I once pursue your way,  
Little brothers of the air,  
Following the vernal ray?  
Did I learn my roving there?

Was it on your long spring rides,  
Little brothers of the sea,  
In the dim and peopled tides,  
That I learned this vagrancy?

Now the yellow of the leaf  
Bids away by hill and plain,  
I shall say good-bye to grief,  
Wayfellow with joy again.

The glamour of the open door  
Is on me, and I would be gone, —  
Speak with truth or speak no more,  
House with beauty or with none.

---

AT THE YELLOW OF THE LEAF

---

Great and splendid, near and far,  
Lies the province of desire ;  
Love the only silver star  
Its discoverers require.

I shall lack nor tent nor food,  
Nor companion in the way,  
For the kindly solitude  
Will provide for me to-day.

Few enough have been my needs ;  
Fewer now they are to be ;  
Where the faintest follow leads,  
There is heart's content for me.

Leave the bread upon the board ;  
Leave the book beside the chair ;  
With the murmur of the ford,  
Light of spirit I shall fare.

---

AT THE YELLOW OF THE LEAF

---

Leave the latch-string in the door,  
And the pile of logs to burn ;  
Others may be here before  
I have leisure to return.



## THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

To-day when the birches are yellow,  
And red is the wayfaring tree,  
Sit down in the sun, my soul,  
And talk of yourself to me!

Here where the old blue rocks  
Bask in the forest shine,  
Dappled with shade and lost  
In their reverie divine.

How goodly and sage they are!  
Priests of the taciturn smile  
Rebuking our babble and haste,  
Yet loving us all the while.

---

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

---

In the asters the wild gold bees  
Make a warm busy drone,  
Where our Mother at Autumn's door  
Sits warming her through to the bone.

The filmy gossamer threads  
Are hung from the black fir bough,  
Changing from purple to green —  
The half-shut eye knows how.

What is your afterthought  
When a red leaf rustles down,  
Or the chickadees from the hush  
Challenge a brief renown?

When silence falls again  
Asleep on hillside and crest,  
Resuming her ancient mood,  
Do you still say, "Life is best?"

---

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

---

Was this reticence of yours  
By the terms of being imposed?  
One would say that you dwelt  
With shutters always closed.

We have been friends so long,  
And yet not a single word  
Of yourself, your kith or kin  
Or home, have I ever heard.

Nightly we sup and part,  
Daily you come to my door;  
Strange we should be such mates,  
Yet never have talked before.

A cousin to downy-feather,  
And brother to shining-fin,  
Am I, of the breed of earth,  
And yet of an alien kin,

---

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

---

Made from the dust of the road  
And a measure of silver rain,  
To follow you brave and glad,  
Unmindful of plaudit or pain.

Dear to the mighty heart,  
Born of her finest mood,  
Great with the impulse of joy,  
With the rapture of life imbued,

Radiant moments are yours,  
Glimmerings over the verge  
Of a country where one day  
Our forest trail shall emerge.

When the road winds under a ledge,  
You keep the trudging pace,  
Till it mounts a shoulder of hill  
To the open sun and space.

---

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

---

Ah, then you dance and go,  
Illumined spirit again,  
Child of the foreign tongue  
And the dark wilding strain!

In these October days  
Have you glimpses hid from me  
Of old-time splendid state  
In a kingdom by the sea?

Is it for that you smile,  
Indifferent to fate and fame,  
Enduring this nomad life  
Contented without a name?

Through the long winter dark,  
When slumber is at my sill,  
Will you leave me dreamfast there,  
For your journey over the hill?

---

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

---

To-night when the forest trees  
Gleam in the frosty air,  
And over the roofs of men  
Stillness is everywhere,

By the cold hunter's moon  
What trail will you take alone,  
Through the white realms of sleep  
To your native land unknown?

Here while the birches are yellow,  
And red is the wayfaring tree,  
Sit down in the sun, my soul,  
And talk of yourself to me.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

He is a silent second self  
Who travels with me in the road ;  
I share his lean-to in the hills,  
He shares my modest town abode.

Under the roof-tree of the world  
We keep the gipsy calendar,  
As the revolving seasons rise  
Above the tree-tops, star by star.

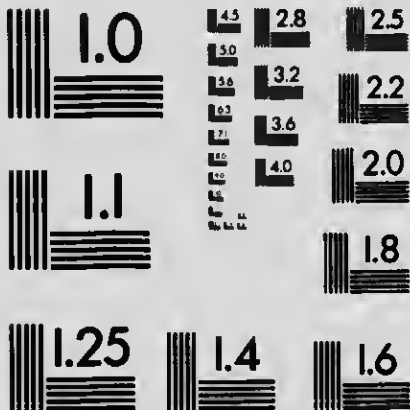
We watch the arctic days burn down  
Upon the hearthstone of the sun,  
And on the frozen river floors  
The whispering snows awake and run.





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PICTOR IGNOTUS

---

Then in the still, portentous cold  
Of a blue twilight, deep and large,  
We see the northern bonfires lit  
Along the world's abysmal marge.

He watches, with a love untired,  
The white sea-combers race to shore  
Below the mossers' purple huts,  
When April goes from door to door.

He haunts the mountain trails that wind  
To sudden outlooks from grey crags,  
When marches up the blue ravine  
September with her crimson flags.

The wonder of an ancient awe  
Takes hold upon him when he sees  
In the cold autumn dusk arise  
Orion and the Pleiades ;

---

PICTOR IGNOTUS

---

Or when along the southern rim  
Of the mysterious summer night  
He marks, above the sleeping world,  
Antares with his scarlet light.

The creamy shadow-fretted streets  
Of some small Caribbean town,  
Where through the soft wash of the trades  
The brassy tropic moon looks down ;

The palm-trees whispering to the blue  
That surfs along the coral key ;  
The brilliant shining droves that fleet  
Through the bright gardens of the sea.

The crimson-boled Floridian pines  
Glaring in sunset, where they stand  
Lifting their sparse, monotonous lines  
Out of the pink and purple sand ;

---

PICTOR IGNOTUS

---

The racing Fundy tides that brim  
The level dikes; the orchards there;  
And the slow cattle moving through  
That marvellous Acadian air;

The city of the flowery squares,  
With the Potomac by her door;  
The monument that takes the light  
Of evening by the river shore;

The city of the Gothic arch,  
That overlooks a wide green plain  
From her grey churches, and beholds  
The silver ribbon of the Seine;

The Indian in his birch canoe,  
The flower-seller in Cheapside;  
Wherever in the wide round world  
The Likeness and the Word abide;

---

PICTOR IGNOTUS

---

He scans and loves the human book,  
With that reserved and tranquil eye  
That watched among the autumn hills  
The golden leisured pomp go by.

What wonder, since with lavish hand  
Kind earth has given him her all  
Of love and beauty, he should be  
A smiling, thriftless prodigal !

## EPHEMERON.

Ah, brother, it is bitter cold in here  
This time of year !  
December is a sorry month indeed  
For your frail August breed.

I find you numb this morning on the pane,  
Searching in vain  
A little warmth to thaw those airy vans,  
Arrested in their plans.

I breathe on you ; and lo, with lurking might  
Those members slight  
Revive and stir ; the little human breath  
Dissolves their frosty death.

---

E P H E M E R O N

---

You trim those quick antennæ as of old,  
Forget the cold,  
And spread those stiffened sails once more to  
dare  
The elemental air.

Does that thin deep, unmarinered and blue,  
Come back to you,  
Dreaming of ports whose bearing you have lost,  
Where cruised no pirate frost ?

Ah, shipmate, there'll be two of us some night,  
In ghostly plight,  
In cheerless latitudes beyond renown,  
When the long frost shuts down.

What if that day, in unexpected guise,  
Strong, kind, and wise,  
Above me should the great Befriender bow,  
As I above you now, —

---

E P H E M E R O N

---

Reset the ruined time-lock of the heart,  
And bid it start,  
And every frost-bound joint and valve restore  
To supple play once more !



## THE HERETIC.

*One day as I sat and suffered  
A long discourse upon sin,  
At the door of my heart I listened,  
And heard this speech within.*

One whisper of the Holy Ghost  
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes;  
And I must heed that private word,  
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

The voice of beauty and of power  
Which came to the beloved John,  
In age upon his lonely isle,  
That voice I will obey, or none.

---

THE HERETIC

---

Let not tradition fill my ears  
With prate of evil and of good,  
Nor superstition cloak my sight  
Of beauty with a bigot's hood.

Give me the freedom of the earth,  
The leisure of the light and air,  
That this enduring soul some part  
Of their serenity may share!

The word that lifts the purple shaft  
Of crocus and of hyacinth  
Is more to me than platitudes  
Rethundering from groin and plinth.

And at the first clear, careless strain  
Poured from a woodbird's silver throat,  
I have forgotten all the lore  
The preacher bade me get by rote.

---

THE HERETIC

---

Beyond the shadow of the porch  
I hear the wind among the trees,  
The river babbling in the clove,  
And that great sound that is the sea's.

Let me have brook and flower and bird  
For counsellors, that I may learn  
The very accent of their tongue,  
And its least syllable discern.

For I, my brother, so would live  
That I may keep the elder law  
Of beauty and of certitude,  
Of daring love and blameless awe.

Be others worthy to receive  
The naked messages of God;  
I am content to find their trace  
Among the people of the sod.

---

THE HERETIC

---

The gold-voiced dwellers of the wood  
Flute up the morning as I pass ;  
And in the dusk I lay me down  
With star-eyed children of the grass.

I harken for the winds of spring,  
And haunt the marge of swamp and stream,  
Till in the April night I hear  
The revelation of the dream.

I listen when the orioles  
Come up the earth with early June,  
And the old apple-orchards spread  
Their odorous glories to the moon.

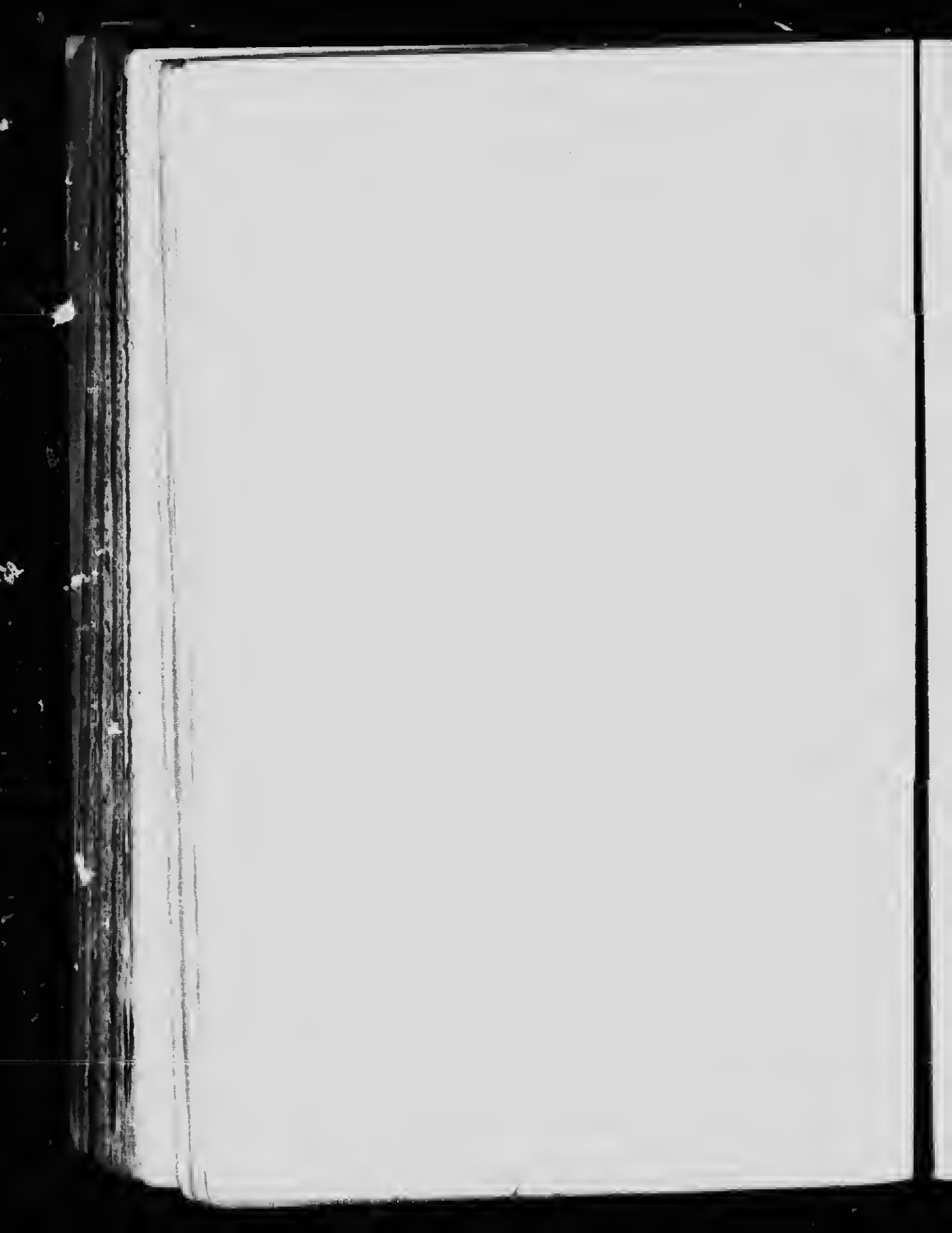
So I would keep my natural days,  
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,  
With the dark beauty of the earth  
Enchanted and enraptured still.

### AFTER SCHOOL.

When all my lessons have been learned,  
And the last year at school is done,  
I shall put up my books and games ;  
“ Good-by, my fellows, every one ! ”

The dusty road will not seem long,  
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn  
The everlasting whippoorwills  
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,  
In a large country dim and cool,  
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,  
“ Mother, I am come home from school.”





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TO  
James Whitcomb Riley



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## PRELUDE.

These are the little songs  
The wild sea children sang,  
When the first gold arch of light  
From rim to zenith sprang;

When all the glad clean joys  
Of being came to birth,  
Out of the darkling womb  
Of the morning of the earth.

And these are the lyric songs  
The earthborn children sing,  
When wild-wood laughter throngs  
The shy bird-throats of spring;

---

PRELUDE

---

When there's not a joy of the heart  
But flies like a flag unfurled,  
And the swelling buds bring back  
The April of the world.

These are the April songs  
The vernal children sing,  
When the yellow pollen dust  
Floats on the stream in spring;

When the swelling streams go down  
Through the deep and grassy floors,  
And the gold-fish and the turtle  
Bask at their river doors.

And these are the innocent songs  
The forest children sing,  
When the whippoorwill's unrest  
Is a pulse in the heart of spring;

---

P R E L U D E

---

When the dark of the frail new moon  
Is a globe of dim sea green,  
And no soul fears what its strange  
Sea-memories may mean.

These are the happy songs  
The first sea children made,  
When the red morning roused them  
In the deep forest shade;

When Hillhorn said to Seaborn,  
"Sweetheart, but thou art fair!"  
And the shining silver sea-inist  
Made moonstones in her hair.

These are the lilting songs  
The dark sea children knew,  
When the sands emerged, and the sea  
Was a lotus of Indian blue;

---

P R E L U D E

---

When, blossom by wind-blown blossom,  
Their virginal zones undone,  
The world was a wide sunflower  
Turning her face to the sun.

## SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN.

### I.

There is a wise Magician,  
Who sets a yellow star  
To seal the cinders of the night  
Within a hollow jar.

And when the jar is broken,  
A marvel has been done;  
There lies within the rosy dusk  
That coal we call the sun.

But more than any wonder  
That makes the rose of dawn,  
Is this inheritance of joy  
My heart is happy on.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

II.

The day is lost without thee,  
The night has not a star.  
Thy going is an empty room  
Whose door is left ajar.

Depart: it is the footfall  
Of twilight on the hills.  
Return: and every rood of ground  
Breaks into daffodils.

Thy coming is companioned  
By presences of bliss;  
The rivers and the little leaves  
All know how good it is.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

III.

Thou art the sense and semblance  
Of things that never were,  
The meaning of a sunset,  
The tenor of a star.

Thou art the trend of morning,  
The burden of June's prime,  
The twilight's consolation,  
The innocence of time.

Thou art the phrase for gladness  
God coined when he was young,  
The fare-thee-well to sadness  
By stars of morning sung,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

The lyric revelation  
To rally and rebuoy  
The darker earth's half sinking  
Temerity of joy.

Out of the hush and hearkening  
Of the reverberant sea,  
Some happier golden April  
Might fashion things like thee.

Or if one heart-beat faltered  
In oblivion's drum-roll,  
That perfect idle moment  
Might be thy joyous soul.

And the long waves of sorrow  
Will search and find no shore  
In all the seas of being,  
When thou shalt be no more.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

IV.

Thou art the pride and passion  
Of the garden where God said,  
"Let us make a man." To fashion  
The beauty of thy head,

The iron æons waited  
And died along the hill,  
Nor saw the uncreated  
Dream of the urging will.

A thousand summers wandered  
Alone beside the sea,  
And guessed not, though they pondered,  
What his design might be.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

But here in the sun's last hour,  
(So fair and dear thou art!)  
He shuts in my hand his flower,  
His secret in my heart.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

V.

In the door of the house of life,  
Beside the fabled sea,  
I am a harpstring in the wind,  
Æolian for thee.

It was a cunning idler  
Who strung the even cords  
Across the drift of harmonies  
Impossible to words.

It was the old Musician,  
With nothing else to do,  
One April when he felt the stir  
Revive him and renew,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Made me thy naught but lover,  
A frayed imperfect strand  
Reverberant to every note,  
Alive beneath thy hand!

But smile, and I am laughter;  
Look sorrow, and I mourn —  
A spirit from the cave of fears,  
Fantastic and forlorn.

Sing low — the world is waiting  
Such radiance as thine  
To welcome her returning ships  
Above the dark sea-line.

Rejoice — I know the cadence,  
Thou innocent and glad,  
To make of every hillside flower  
A dancing Oread.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

A thing of sense and spirit,  
And moods and melody,  
I am a harpstring in the wind,  
Æolian for thee.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

VI.

Love, by that loosened hair,  
Well now I know  
Where the lost Lilith went  
So long ago.

Love, by those starry eyes  
I understand  
How the sea maidens lure  
Mortals from land.

Love, by that welling laugh  
Joy claims its own  
Sea-born and wind-wayward  
Child of the sun.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

VII.

Once more in every tree-top  
I hear the hollow wind  
A-blowing the last remnants  
Of winter from the land.

Far down the April morning,  
With battle-clang and glee,  
The Boreal intruders  
Are driven to the sea.

Then softly, buds of scarlet,  
Warm rain, and purple wing —  
The tattered glad uncumbered  
Camp-followers of spring!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

VIII.

Under the greening willow  
Wanders a golden cry;  
Oriole April up in the world  
With morning day goes by.

Out of the virgin quiet  
Like an awakening sigh,  
With the wild, wild heart forever  
A journeyer am I.

We are the wind's own brothers,  
Sorrow and joy and I;  
But thou art the hope of morrows  
That shall be by and by.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

IX.

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With the cold moon,  
Free to range, fleet to change,  
So far and soon?

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With the hoar sea?  
Love alone is his own  
Eternity.

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With anything  
In the wide world beside  
Joyance and spring?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

X.

As sudden winds that freak  
The fresh face of the sea,  
The tinge upon her cheek  
Tells what the storm will be.

As purple shadows rise  
Up to the setting sun,  
Her wonderful grey eyes  
Will tell when love is done.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XI.

As down the purple of the night  
I watch the flaring meteors race,  
The gorgeous Bedouins of the dusk  
Making across the glooms of space,

To my fantastic heart's unrest  
That would be gay, that would be gone,  
They seem like trysting lovers' souls  
Too long delayed and hurrying on.

XII.

In the Kingdom of Boötes,  
Whose vast cordon none can tell,  
Mirac answers to Arcturus,  
“All is well!”

What to them are days and seasons,  
Storm and triumph, plague and war —  
With their large, serene appointments,  
Star for star?

In this handbreadth of the midnight,  
These heart-confines where we dwell,  
I can hear your spirit answer,  
“All is well!”

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

What to us is night or morrow,  
Or the little pause of death,  
In the rhythm of joy we measure  
Breath by breath?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XIII.

Look, love, along the low hills  
The first stars!  
God's hand is lighting the watchfires for us,  
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whippoorwills!  
Those weird bars,  
Full of dark passion, will pierce the dim forest,  
All night, on and on,

Till the overbrimmed bowl of life spills,  
And time mars  
The one perfect piece of his handcraft, love's  
lifetime  
From dewrise till dawn.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Foolish heart, fearful of ills!  
Shall the stars  
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?  
Heed thou love alone!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XIV.

The rain-wind from the East,  
So long a wanderer  
Beyond the sources of the sun,  
Brings back the crocus April and the showers.  
A heart upwelling in the forest flowers  
Has made them lovers every one.  
Who makes the twilight seem to stir  
In happy tears released?  
There, there, sweetheart!

The night-wind from the West,  
The broad eaves of the sky,  
Brings back across the orchard hills  
The memories of a thousand springs with him;



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And the white apple valleys in a dream  
Listen to the dark whippoorwills.  
Is the old burden of their joy  
So great they cannot rest?  
There, there, sweetheart!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XV.

O purple-black are the wet quince boughs,  
Where the buds begin to burn!  
And fair enough is Spring's new house,  
Made fresh for Love's return.

She has taken him in and locked the door,  
And thrown away the key.  
When Free-foot finds his Rove-no-more,  
What use is liberty?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XVI.

An unseen hand went over the hill,  
And lit the cresset stars,  
And below the summer sea was strewn  
With mysterious nenuphars.

The little wind of twilight came  
With the gladdest of words to me,  
"The tide is full, the night is fair,  
And Her window waits for thee!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XVII.

The very sails are singing  
A song not of the wind;  
A fire dance is creaming  
Our wake that runs behind.

In all the shining splendid  
White moonflower of the sea,  
There's not a runnel sleeping  
For ecstasy of thee

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XVIII.

Where the blue comes down to the brine,  
And the brine goes up to the blue,  
It's shine, shine, shine,  
The whole day through,  
The whole summer day long, dear.

Till the sun like a harbour buoy,  
Is riding afloat in the west,  
And it's joy, joy, joy,  
For the place of his rest,  
The haven of No-more-fear.

Then the stars come out on the sea,  
To dance on the purple floor.  
Their Master has turned the key  
In the silver door,  
And my heart's delight draws near.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XIX.

As if the sea's eternal rote  
Might cease to set remembrance wild,  
The breezy hair, the lyric throat  
Were given to the surf-born child.

And the great forest found a voice  
For her along the brookside brown,  
That bids the purple dusk rejoice,  
And croons the golden daylight down.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XX.

O wind and stars, I am with you now ;  
And ports of day, Good-by!  
When my captain Love puts out to sea,  
His mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,  
And launch from the pebbly shore.  
The tide puts out, and tints of time  
Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing  
Crowding the gloom with haste ;  
I scud through the large and solemn world,  
And skim the wan grey waste.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

O stars and wind, be with me now;  
And ports of night, draw near!  
No sooner the longed for seamark shines,  
Than the very dark grows dear.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXI.

All the zest of all the ages  
Shimmers in my sea-bird's wing,  
Flickering above the surges  
Of the sea.

All the quiet of the ages  
Slumbers in my sea-bird's wing,  
Where it settles down the verges  
Of the sea.

All the questing soul's behesting  
Pent and freed in one white wing,  
Joying there above the dirges  
Of the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Be thou, sweetheart, such a sweetheart!  
All the valour of the spring  
Crowds thy pulses with the urges  
Of the sea;

Till this drench of joy, thou sweetheart,  
Fills the spaces of the spring,  
And the large fresh night emerges  
From the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXII.

Eyes like the blue-green  
Shine of the sea,  
Where the swift shadows run,  
Whose soul is free.

Shimmer of sunlight,  
Shadow of gloom,  
Wayward as ecstasy,  
Solemn as doom.

Triumph, transplendour,  
Joy through and through,  
Till the soul wonders what  
Sense next may do.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Hair like the blown grass  
Brown on the hill,  
Where the wide wandering  
Wind has his will.

Spirit, the nomad,  
Whither to wend,  
Knows not and fears not,  
To the world's end.

Seadusk or Dawnbright  
Name the earth's child,  
Like the wind, like the sea,  
Virginal wild.

XXIII.

“Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
How come you here,  
Daring the upper world,  
Blithe without fear?”

“Goldy plume, goldy plume,  
Ages ago,  
Came to my House of Dark  
One through the snow.”

“Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
What was the word,  
Down in the frozen earth,  
Sleeping, you heard?”

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

"Goldy plume, goldy plume,  
Deep in the mould,  
Somebody whispered me,  
'Budkin, be bold!'"

"Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
What was his name —  
Taught you such valour  
And girt you with flame?"

"Ah, fellow wayfarer,"  
Whispered the gloom,  
"When they shall question, say,  
Love bade me come!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXIV.

We wandered through the soft spring days,  
And heard the flowers  
Talking among themselves of joys  
That were not ours.

Till April in a softening mood  
Faltered a word  
The pretty gossips of the wood  
Had scarcely heard.

But somehow you, you caught the lilt  
Of that wild speech  
The tiny tribesmen found occult  
Beyond their reach.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Now when the rainman walks the field,  
And robin sings,  
I hark to promises that hold  
A thousand springs.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXV.

You pipers in the swales,  
Tune up your reedy flutes,  
And blow and blow to bring me back  
My little girl in spring!

Take all the world beside,  
And flute it far away  
For less than nought, but give me back  
One sleepless night in spring.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXVI.

To-night I hear the rainbirds  
Piercing the silver gloom;  
The scent of the sea-blown lilacs  
Wanders across my room.

Caught in their wake I follow  
The drift of memory;  
Once more the summer twilight  
Settles upon the sea.

I shut my eyes and see you  
Under the lilacs stand,  
While the soft mists of sea-rain  
Are blowing in to land.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Your little hands steal upward,  
Our fingers interlace;  
And through the driving sea-dark  
I feel your burning face.

One little hour of heaven  
Lost in a single kiss;  
And then we two forever  
The castaways of bliss.

To-night the scent of lilacs  
Comes up to me again,  
And ghosts of buried summers  
Walk with the lonely rain.

But ah, what roof-tree shelters  
To-night the dear black head?  
Only the sea wind answers —  
And leaves of the word unsaid.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXVII.

Lord of the vasty tent of heaven,  
Who hast to thy saints and sages given  
A thousand nights with their thousand stars,  
And the star of faith for a thousand years,

Grant me, only a foolish rover  
All thy beautiful wide world over,  
A thousand loves in a thousand days,  
And one great love for a thousand years.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXVIII.

In the cool of dawn I rose;  
Life lay there from hill to hill  
In the core of a blue pearl,  
As it seemed, so deep and still.

Not a word the mountains said  
Of the day that was to be,  
As I crossed them, till you came  
At the sunrise back with me.

Then we heard the whitethroat sing,  
And the world was left behind.  
A new paradise arose  
Out of his untarnished mind.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

The brown road lay through the wood,  
And the forest floor was spread  
For our footing with the fern,  
And the cornel berries red.

There the woodland rivers sang;  
Not a sorrow touched their glee,  
Dancing up the yellow sun,  
From the purple mountain sea.

Towns and turbulence and fame  
Were as fabled things that lay  
Through the gateway of the notch,  
Long ago and far away.

There we loitered and went on,  
Where the roadside berries grew;  
Earth with all its joy once more  
Was made over for us two.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And at last a meaning filled  
The round morning fair and good,  
Waited for a thousand years,  
There was no more solitude.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXIX.

Up from the kindled pines,  
Lo, the lord Sun!  
What shall his children find  
When day is done?

Ere thy feet follow him  
Over the sea,  
Love, turn thy glorious  
Eyes once to me!

High in the burning noon,  
Lo, the lord Sun  
Sleeps, with his hand slack,  
His girdle undone.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Ere thy feet follow him  
Over the hill,  
Love, lace thy heart to mine,  
Time has stood still.

Down by the valley-night  
Sings the great sea;  
Over the mountain rim  
Day walks for thee.

Ere thy feet follow him  
Into far lands,  
Love, lift thy mouth to me  
Up through thy hands!

Well do they journey  
Who joy as they go;  
Hear his hills whispering,  
"So, it is so."

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Ere thy feet follow him  
Down to the shade,  
Love, loose thy zone to me,  
Mistress and maid!

Down to the kindling pines,  
Lo, the lord Sun  
Goes unreluctant  
And day is done.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXX.

The skiey shreds of rain  
Are all blown loose again,  
And bright among the dripping chestnut boles  
Whistle the orioles.

As if wise Nature knew  
The finest thing to do,  
And touched her forestry, supremely done,  
With these few flakes of sun.

To-night by the June sea  
You are come back to me,  
Through all the mellow dark from hill to hill  
That gladdens and grows still;

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

As though wise Nature guessed  
Her love joys were the best,  
When down the darkling spaces of desire  
She sent your song and fire.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXI.

On the meridian of the night  
Alcar the Tester marks high June;  
Arcturus knows his zenith fame;  
No grass-head sleeps upon the dune.

And up from the southeastern sea,  
Antares, the red summer star,  
Brings back the ardours of the earth,  
Like fire opals in a jar:

The frail and misty sense of things  
Beyond mortality's ado,  
The soft delirium of dream,  
And joy pale virgins never knew.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXII.

Love, lift your longing face up through the rain!  
In the white drench of it over the hills,  
Blurring remembrance and quieting pain,  
Stretch the strong hands of the sea.

Love, lift your longing face up through the rain!  
In the bleak rote of it through the far hills,  
Rhythmed to joy and untarnished of pain,  
Calls the great heart of the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXIII.

Swing down, great sun, swing down,  
And beat at the gates of day,  
To open and let thee forth!  
I would not have thee stay.

Swing up, dear stars, and shine  
Over the baths of the sea!  
To-night, my beautiful one  
Will open her arms for me.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXIV.

The world is a golden calyx,  
A-swing in the blooth of time,  
Where floret to floret ripens  
And the starry blossoms rhyme.

Thou art the fair seed vessel  
Waiting all day for me,  
Who ache with the golden pollen  
The night will spill for thee.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXV.

Eyes like summer after sundown,  
Hands like roses after dew,  
Lyric as a blown rose garden  
The wind wanders through.

Swelling breasts that bud to crimson,  
Hair like cobwebs after dawn,  
And the rosy mouth wind-rifled  
When the wind is gone.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXV. 1.

The sun is lord of a manor fair,  
And the earth his garden old,  
Whose dewy beds where he walks at morn  
Flower by flower unfold.

When he goes at night and leaves the stars  
Lit in the trees to shine,  
Blossom by blossom the flowerheads sleep —  
And a rosy head by mine.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXVII.

In God's blue garden the flowers are cold,  
As you tell them over star by star,  
Sirius, Algol, pale Altair,  
Lone Arcturus, and Algebar.

In love's red garden the flowers are warm,  
As I count them over and kiss them by,  
From the sultry royal rose-red mouth  
To the last carnation dusk and shy.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXVIII.

First by her starry gaze that falls  
Aside, as if afraid to know  
The stronger self who stirs and calls,  
I think she came from a land of snow.

Then by her mood that melts to mine  
Her body and her soul's desire,  
Under the shifting forest shine,  
I think she came from a land of fire.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XXXIX.

The alchemist who throws his worlds  
In the round crucible of the sun,  
Has laid our bodies in the forge  
Of love to weld them into one.

The hypnotist who waves his hand  
And the pale streamers walk the night,  
A moment for our souls unbars  
The lost dominions of delight.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

**XL.**

Thy mouth is a snow apple,  
Thy tongue a rosy melon core,  
Thy breasts are citrons odorous of the East.  
I know that nursery tale of Eden now,  
Where God prepared the feast  
Beneath the bow.  
I ask no more.

The apple-trees have whispered  
The only word I listened for  
Through all the legends babbled in my ears.  
I know what manner of unbitten fruit  
The first man took with fears  
And found so sweet.  
I ask no more.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLI.

As orchards in an apple land,  
That whiten to the moon of May,  
Hear the first rainbird's ecstasy  
Peal from the dark hills far away;

The wintry spaces of my soul,  
Snowed under by the drift of time,  
Feel immortality begin  
As your long kisses surge and climb.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLII.

Noon on the marshes and noon on the hills,  
And joy in the white sail that shivers and fills.

Gold are the grain lands, and gold is the sea,  
And gold is my little love maid to me.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLIII.

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your hands!  
Here in the bracken shade will we not well  
Wring the warm summer world dry of its honey?  
God made a heaven before He made hell.

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your eyes;  
Let their shy quivering rapture and deep  
Melt as they merge in mine melting above them!  
God made surrender before He made sleep.

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your mouth,  
Till all is done 'twixt a breath and a breath!  
Naught shall undo the one joy-deed for ever,  
God made desire before He made death.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLIV.

Wait for me, Cherrychild, when the blue dusk  
Falls from the silent star-spaces and fills  
With utter peace the great heart of the hills,  
Child, Cherrychild!

Call to me, Cherrychild, when the blue dusk  
First throbs to passion among the dark hills,  
In the brown throats of the lone whippoorwills,  
Child, Cherrychild!

Come to me, Cherrychild, in the blue dusk!  
Forlorn and loverless as the wild sea,  
Long have I lain alone, longing for thee,  
Child, Cherrychild.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLV.

Summer love, open your eyes to me now!  
June's on the mountain and day's at the door.  
Time shall turn back for us one crimson hour,  
Ere the white seraph winds walk the sea floor.

Summer heart, open your arms to me now!  
Beautiful wonder-eyed spirit's home, here  
With the eternal ache quenched in the bliss,  
One golden minute outmeasures a year.

Sweet heaven! Open your arms to me now!  
There, dearest body, cease trembling, lie still!  
Joy, how the June birds are shivered with song!  
And see, the first shreds of dawn over the hill.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLVI.

Through what strange garden ran  
The sultry stream whereon  
This languorous nenuphar of love could grow?  
Such melting ardours spending to the moon,  
From swoon to swoon!

My wondrous moonflower white,  
Outspread in the warm night,  
Tinged with a rosy tint, a golden glow,  
And fervours of enchantment it must hide  
Till daylight died.

It lies so soft and fond,  
Wilted in my hot hand,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

That was so dewy fresh an hour ago.  
"Can life be, then," my soul is pondering,  
"So frail a thing?"

And all because I laid  
The snowy petals wide;  
Having heard tell, yet longing still to know,  
What sweet things youth might barter ignorance  
for,  
Once and no more.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XLVII.

Let the red dawn surmise  
What we shall do,  
When this blue starlight dies  
And all is through.

If we have loved but well  
Under the sun,  
Let the last morrow tell  
What we have done.

XLVIII.

A breath upon my face,  
A whisper at my ear,  
Filling this leafy place,  
Tell me love is here.

The sea-gloom of her eyes,  
The apples of her breast,  
The shadows where she lies,  
A-tremble or at rest,

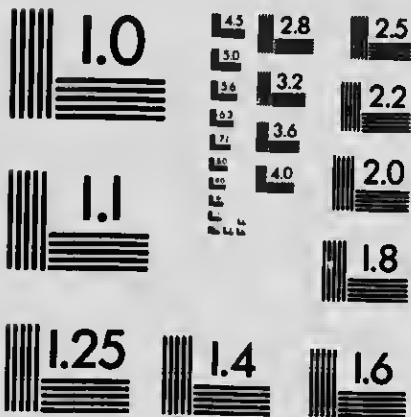
The little rosy knees,  
The beech-brown of her hair —  
A thousand things like these  
Tell me love is fair.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

The clinging of her kiss,  
Her heart that looks beyond,  
The joys she will not miss,  
Tell me love is fond.

And when I am away,  
A weary dying fall,  
Haunting the wind by day,  
Tells me love is all.

XLIX.

I was a reed in the stilly stream,  
Heigh-ho!  
And thou my fellow of moveless dream,  
Heigh-lo.

Hardly a word the river said,  
As there we bowed him a listless head:

Only the yellowbird pierced the noon;  
And summer died to a drowsier swoon,

Till the little wind of night came by,  
With the little stars in the lonely sky,

And the little leaves that only stir,  
When shiest wood-fellows confer.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

It shook the stars in their purple sphere,  
And laid a frost on the lips of fear.

It woke our slumbering desire,  
As a breath that blows a mellow fire,

And the thrill that made the forest start,  
Was a little sigh from our happy heart.

This is the story of the world,  
Heigh-ho!  
This is the glory of the world,  
Heigh-lo.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

L.

I was the west wind over the garden,  
Out of the twilit marge and deep;  
You were the sultry languorous flower,  
Famished and filled and laid to sleep.

I was the rover bee, and you —  
With the hot red mouth where a soul might  
    drown,  
And the buoyant soul where a man might  
    swim —  
You were the blossom that drew me down.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LI.

A touch of your hair, and my heart was whirled;  
A drift of fragrance, and noon stood still;  
All of a sudden the fountain there  
Had something to whisper the sun on the hill.

Rose of the garden of God's desire,  
Only the passionate years can prove  
With sorrow and rapture and toil and tears  
The right of the soul to the kingdom of love.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LII.

In the land of kisses  
The very winds were stirred  
To mortal speech. But this is  
The only tale I heard.

In the land of kisses  
Your mouth is a red bloom,  
Aching to know the hlisses  
That perish and consume.

In the land of kisses  
My mouth is a red moth  
Searching in the dusk. And this is  
The rapture for us both.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LIII.

I think the sun when he turns at night,  
And lays his face against the sea's,  
Must have such thoughts as these.

I think the wind, when he wakes at dawn,  
Must wonder, seeing hill by hill,  
That they can sleep so still.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LIV.

I see the golden hunter go,  
With his hound star close at heel,  
Through purple fallows above the hill,  
When the large autumn night is still  
And the tide of the world is low.

And while to their unwearied quest  
The sister Pleiads pass,  
That seventh loveliest and lost  
Desire of all the orient host  
Is here upon my breast.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LV.

You old men with frosty beards,  
I am wiser than you all;  
I have seen a fairer page  
Than Belshazzar's wall.

You young men with scornful lips,  
I am stronger than you all;  
I have sown the Cadmian field  
Where no shadows fall.

For a woman yesterday  
Loved me, body, soul, and all.  
Saints will lift their crowns to me  
At the Judgment Call.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LVI.

It was the tranquil hour  
Of earth's expectancy,  
When we lay on the Wishing Sands  
Beside the sleeping sea.

We saw the scarlet moon rise  
And light the pale grey land;  
We heard the whisper of the tide,  
The sighing of the sand.

I felt the ardent flutter  
Your heart gave for delight;  
You knew how earth is glad and hushed  
Under the tent of night.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

We dreamed the dream of lovers,  
And told our dream to none;  
And all that we desired came true,  
Because we wished as one.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LVII.

The mountain ways one summer  
Saw joy and life go past,  
When we who fared so lonely  
Were hand in hand at last.

Till over us the pine woods  
Their purple shadows cast,  
And the tall twilight laid us  
Hot mouth to mouth at last.

O hills, beneath your slumber,  
Or pines, below your blast,  
Make room for your two children,  
Cold cheek to cheek at last!

LVIII.

Poppy, you shall live forever  
With the crimson of her kiss,  
Through a summer day undreamed of  
In a land like this.

Once I bartered with Oblivion:  
For the crimson of her kiss  
I would give a thousand morrows  
Of a day like this.

But I was a foolish buyer;  
For the crimson of her kiss  
Woke me, and I heard the wind say,  
"Nevermore like this!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Poppy, you shall sleep forever  
With the crimson of her kiss  
Through the centuries, undreamed of  
In a rhyme like this.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LIX.

I loved you when the tide of prayer  
Swept over you, and kneeling there  
In the pale summer of the stars,  
You laid your cheek to mine.

I loved you when the auroral fire,  
Like the world's veriest desire,  
Burned up, and as it touched the sea,  
You laid your limbs to mine.

I loved you when you stood tiptoe  
To say farewell, and let me go  
Into the night from your laced arms,  
And laid your mouth to mine.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And I shall love you on that day  
The wind comes over the sea to say  
Your golden name upon men's mouths,  
And mix your dust with mine.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LX.

Once of a Northern midnight,  
By dike and mountainside,  
With fleeces for her habit,  
The moon went forth to ride

Up from the ocean caverns,  
Where ancient memories bide,  
Returning with his secret  
We heard the muttering tide.

But fear was not upon you;  
Your woman's arms were wide;  
The world's poor shreds and tatters  
Of mumming laid aside.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

The sea-rote for our rubic,  
Our ritual and guide,  
There was a virgin wedding  
Whose vows no priest supplied.

And there until the dawn-wind  
Up from the marshes sighed,  
Whispered among the aspens,  
Shivered and passed and died,

Our scene-shifter the moonlight,  
Our orchestra the tide,  
I was a prince of fairy,  
You were a prince's bride.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXI.

The forest leaves were all asleep,  
The yellow stars were on the hill,  
The roving winds were all away,  
Only the tide was restless still,

When I awoke. My chamber dim  
Was flooded by the cool, sweet night,  
And in the hush I seemed aware  
Of premonitions of delight.

Who called me lightly as I slept?  
Who touched my forehead with soft hands?  
Who summoned me without a sound  
Back from the vague, mysterious lands?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

It must have been my sleepless heart  
Knocking upon his prison door,  
To bid old Reason have a care  
Lest Joy should pass and come no more.

LXII.

There sighed along the garden path  
And through the open door a stir;  
'Twas not the rustle of the corn,  
Nor yet the whisper of the fir.

There passed an Eastern odour, fraught  
With the delirium of sense;  
'Twas not the attar of the rose,  
Nor the carnation's redolence.

Then came a glimmering of white —  
The drench of sheer diaphanous lawn,  
More palpable than light of stars,  
And more delectable than dawn.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

The Paphian curve from throat to waist,  
From waist to knee, then lost again,  
Told me how beauty such as hers  
Spreads like a madness among men.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXIII.

And then I knew the first vague bliss  
That swept through Lilith like strange fire,  
Consuming all her loveliness  
With one imperious desire,

When in the twilight she beheld,  
Through the green apple shades obscure,  
The Lord God moulding from the dust  
Her splendid virgin paramour.

I knew what aching shudder ran  
Through the dark bearers, file on file,  
When Pharaoh's daughter went to merge  
Her peerless beauty in the Nile;



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

What slumbering deliciousness  
Awoke beside the Dorian stream  
When the young prince from over sea  
Broke on the lovely Spartan's dream;

And all the fervour and desire,  
The raptures and the ecstasies,  
Of Aucassin and Nicollette,  
Of Abelard and Héloïse,

And all the passionate despair,  
So bravely borne for many a year,  
Of Tristram and the dark Iseult,  
Of Launcelot and Guinevere!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXIV.

I knew, by that diviner sense  
Which wakes to beauty sweet and lone,  
Once more beneath the moonlit boughs  
Astarte had unloosed her zone;

Immortal passior, fair and wild,  
Remembering her joys of yore,  
Had taken on the human guise  
To glad one mortal lover more.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXV.

A moon-white moth against the moon,  
A sea-blue raindrop in the sea,  
A grain of pollen on the air,  
This little virgin soul might be.

As if a passing breath of wind  
Should stir the poplars in the night,  
Her wondrous spirit woke from sleep,  
And shivered with unknown delight.

As if a sudden garden door  
Should open in a granite wall,  
She trembled at the brink of joy,  
So great and so ephemeral.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXVI.

What is it to remember?  
How white the moonlight poured into the room,  
That summer long ago!  
How still it was  
In that great solemn midnight of the North,  
A century ago!

And how I wakened trembling  
At soft love-whispers warm against my cheek,  
And laughed it was no dream!  
Then far away,  
The troubled, refluent murmur of the sea,  
A sigh within a dream!

LXVII.

She had the fluttering eyelids  
Like petals of a rose;  
I had the wisdom never learned  
From any musty prose.

She had the melting ardour  
That hesitates yet dares;  
And I had youthful valour's look,  
That is so like despair's.

She had the tender bearing  
Of daffodils in spring;  
And I had sense enough to know  
Love is a fleeting thing.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

She had the heart of tinder;  
I had the lips of flame;  
And neither of us ever heard  
Procrastination's name.

She had the soft demeanour,  
Discreet as any nun's;  
And each of us has all the joy  
God gives his 'foolish ones.

LXVIII.

The land lies full, from brim to brim  
Of the great smoke-blue mountains' rim,  
Of yellow autumn and red sun.  
A giant in content, the day  
Idles the solemn hours away  
To dreamland one by one.

Life is the dominance of good,  
And love the ecstasy of mood,  
Your hand in my hand says to me.  
Yet, somewhere in the waste between  
Being and sense, I hear a thrum  
Wash like the dirging sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXIX.

In the blue opal of a winter noon,  
When all the world was a white floor  
Lit by the northern sun,  
I saw with naked eyes a midday star  
Burn on like gleaming spar,  
Where all its fellows of the mighty dusk  
Had perished one by one.

When I shall have put by the vagrant will,  
And down this rover's twilight road  
Emerge into the sun,  
Be thou my only sheer and single star,  
Known, named, and followed far,  
When all these Jack-o'-lantern hopes and fears  
Have perished one by one!



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXX.

Far hence in the infinite silence  
How we shall learn and forget,  
Know and be known, and remember  
Only the name of regret?

Sown in that ample quiet,  
We shall break sheath and climb,  
Seeds of a single desire  
In the heart of the apple of time.

We shall grow wise as the flowers,  
And know what the bluebirds sing,  
When the hands of the grasses unravel  
The wind in the hollows of spring.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And out of the breathless summer  
The aspen leaves will stir,  
At your low sweet laugh to remember  
The imperfect things we were.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXI.

Of the whole year, I think, I love  
The best that time we used to call  
The Little Summer of All Saints,  
About the middle of the fall,

Because there fell the golden days  
Of that gold year beside the sea,  
When first I had you at heart's will,  
And you had your whole will of me.

It is the being's afternoon,  
The second summer of the soul,  
When spirits find a way to reach  
Beyond the sense and its control.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Then come the firmamental days,  
The underseason of the year,  
When God himself, being well content,  
Takes time to whisper in our ear.

Sweetheart, once more by every sign  
Of blade and shadow, it must be  
The Little Summer of All Saints  
In the red Autumn by the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXII.

At night upon the mountains  
The magic moon goes hy,  
And stops at every threshold  
With lure and mystery.

And then my lonely fancy  
Can bide content no more,  
But through an autumn country  
Must search from door to door,

Till in a quiet valley,  
Under a quiet sky,  
Is found the one companion  
To bid the world good-by.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And once again at moonrise  
We wander hand in hand,  
With the last grief forgotten,  
Through an enchanted land.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXIII.

Once more the woods grow crimson,  
Once more the year burns down,  
Once more my feet come home  
To the little seaboard town.

Once more I learn desire  
Prevails hut to endure,  
And the heart springs to meet  
Your hand-touch — and be sure.

LXXIV.

Once when the winds of spring came home  
From the far countries where they roam,  
I heard them tell  
Of things I could not understand,  
And strange adventures in a land  
Where all was well.

I do not wonder any more  
What Autumn at his open door  
Is dreaming of;  
I am so happy to have done  
With all the things underneath the sun  
Save only love.



7

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXV.

The world is swimming in the light,  
Sheer as a bubble green and gold.  
On the purpureal autumn walls  
Once more time's rubric is unrolled.

As if the voice of the blue sea  
Sufficed for summer's utmost speech,  
But now the very hills must help  
And lift their heart to the lyric reach.

Scarlet, diaphanous and glad,  
The valiant message waves and burns,  
The elemental cry that lurks  
Deep as the cold heart of the Norms.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXVI.

When the October wind stole in  
To wake me in my chamber cool,  
With dancing sunlight on the wall,  
From the still vestibule

Fluttered a sound like rustling leaves,  
Or the just-heard departing stir  
Of silk, a hint of presence gone,  
A waft of lavender.

I saw upon my arms strange marks,  
Traced when my eyes were unaware,  
Like petal-stains of some green rose  
Or faint kiss-bruises there;

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And wondered, as there came the sad  
Eternal whisper of the sea,  
Which one of all my pale dead loves  
Had spent the night with me.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXVII.

The red frost came with his armies  
And camped by the sides of the sea.  
The maples and the oaks took on  
His gorgeous livery.

They dyed their tents a madder,  
Alizarin and brown,  
And dipped their banners in the sun  
To give their joy renown.

And lo, when twilight sobered  
Their dauntless cinnabars,  
Along the outposts of the sea  
The watch-fires of the stars!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And I for love of roving  
Am listed with the king,  
Because I knew the password,  
"Joy is the only thing!"

LXXVIII.

Dearest, in this so golden fall,  
When beauty aches with her own bliss,  
One thought the pause to my desire  
And my small consolation is.

I am a child. A thistle seed  
On the boon wind is more than I,  
Yet will the hand that sows the hills  
Have care of me too when I die.

When I who love thee without words  
Sink as a foam-bell in the sea,  
One who has no regard for fame  
Will neither have contempt for me.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXIX.

Her hair was crocus yellow,  
Her eyes were crocus blue,  
Her body was the only gate  
Of paradise I knew.

Her hands were velvet raptures,  
Her mouth a velvet bliss;  
Not Lilith in the garden had  
So wonderful a kiss.

To know her was to banish  
Reason for once and all.  
Her voice was like a silver door  
Set in a scarlet wall.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

For when she said, "I love you,"  
It was as when the tide  
Yearns for the naked moonlight,  
An unreluctant bride.

And when she said, "Ah, leave me,"  
It was as when the sea  
Sighs at the ebb, or a spent wind  
Dies in the aspen tree.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXX.

Out of the dust that bore thee,  
What wonder walking came, —  
What beauty like blown grasses,  
What ardour like still flame!

What patience of the mountains,  
What yearning of the sea,  
What far eternal impulse  
Endowed the world with thee?

A reed within the river,  
A leaf upon the bough,  
What breath of April ever  
Was half so dear as thou?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXI.

Remnants of this soul of mine,  
This same self that once was me,  
Flock and gather and grow one,  
Whole once more at thought of thee.

Never yet was such a love,  
So supremely fond as thou;  
Never mortal lover yet  
So beloved as thine is now.

I a foam-head in the sea,  
Thou the tide to lift and run;  
I a sombre-crested hill,  
Thou the purple light thereon.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Tide may ebb and light may fail,  
But not love's sincerity, —  
More enduring than the sun,  
More compelling than the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXII.

What is this House at the End of the World,  
Where the sun leaves off and the snow begins,  
And the drift of the grey sea spins?

O this is the house where I was born,  
At the world's far edge one April day,  
Within sound of the white sea spray.

The place is lone, where the hills recede,  
And the sea slopes over the world's far side,  
And nothing moves but the tide, —

The moaning tide and the silent sun,  
The wind and the stars and the Northern light,  
Changing the watch by night.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

And of all the travellers who questioned me,  
Why I make my home in so quiet a land,  
Not a soul could understand.

Till the day you came with love in your eyes,  
And asked no more than the sun on the wall,  
Yet understood it all.

And my house has been filled to overflow  
With beauty and laughter and peace since then,  
And joys of the world of men.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXIII.

A woman sat by the hearth,  
And a man looked out at the door.

"O lover, I hear a sound  
As of approaching storm,  
When the sea makes in from the north  
With thunder and chafing and might,  
And trundles the quaking ground."

"It is not the sea you hear.  
The ice in the river is loosed;  
You hear its grinding mills  
Wearing the winter away,  
And the grist of grief and cold

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Shall soon be the meal of joy,  
O heart of me, April is here!"

"O lover, I hear a sigh  
As of the boding wind  
In the murmurous black pines,  
Or a stir as of beating wings  
When the fleeing curlews fly."

"It is not the wind's great hum;  
The bees in the willow blooms,  
All golden-dusted now,  
Sing in their chantry loft  
As when earth the immortal was young,  
Bust with ardour and joy.  
O heart of mine, April is come!"

"O lover, my heart aches sore;  
My hands would fondle your hair,  
My cheek be laid to your cheek;

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

A strange new wild great word  
Knocks at my heart's closed door."

"Who is not a learner now?  
We endure, and seasons change,  
And the heart grows great and strange  
With the beauty of earth and time.  
Our lives unfold and get free,  
As the streams and the creatures do,  
To range through the April now."

Like a gold spring-flower in his arms,  
She stood by the open door.



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXIV.

The willows are all golden now,  
And grief is past and olden now;  
To the wild heart  
There comes a start  
Will help it and embolden now.

The birch tips are all slender now;  
The April light is tender now;  
And the soft skies  
Are calm and wise  
With vision of new splendour now.

The streets are full of gladness now, —  
Forget their look of sadness now;  
While up and down  
The flowery town  
Comes back the old spring madness now.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXV.

O wonder of all wonders,  
The winter time, is done,  
And to the low, bleak, bitter hills  
Comes back the melting sun!

O wonder of all wonders,  
The soft spring winds return,  
And in the sweeping gusts of rain  
The glowing tulips burn!

O wonder of all wonders,  
That tenderness divine,  
Bearing a woman's name, should knock  
At this poor door of mine!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXVI.

This is the time of the golden bough,  
The April ardour, the mystic fire,  
And the soft wind up from the South,  
Lingering, rainy, and warm,  
Dissolving sorrow and bidding new life aspire, —  
New spirit take form, —  
Through the waking green earth now.

This is the time of the golden tress,  
The heaving heart and the shining glance,  
And the little head that bows  
Meekly to love at last.  
Then two behold the flowery world in a trance  
Through the spring's new vast  
Of sunshine and tenderness.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXVII.

When spring comes up the slope of the grey old  
sea,

Like a green galleon,  
With joy in her wake, with light on her sails,  
What will she bring to us, my Yvonne?

The long, sweet lisp and drench of the sweetness  
of rain,

The strong, glad youth of the sun,  
And a touch of the madness that makes men wise  
With the wisdom of lovers, my Yvonne.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXVIII.

Now spring comes up the world, sweetheart,  
What shall we find to do?  
The hills grow purple in the rain,  
The sea is gold and blue;

The door is open to the sun,  
The window to the sky;  
The odour of the cherry bough,  
A freighted dream, goes by;

The spruces tell the southwest wind  
Where the white windflowers are;  
The brooks are babbling in the dusk  
To one great yellow star;

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

In all the April-coloured land,  
Where glints and murmurs stray,  
There's not a being that draws breath  
But will go mad to-day —

Go mad with piercing ecstasy,  
Afoot, afloat, awing,  
And wild with all the aching sweet  
Delirium of spring.

Now April fills the world with love,  
There's not a thing to do  
But to be happy all night long,  
Then glad the whole day through.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

LXXXIX.

The rain on the roof is your laughter;  
The wind in the eaves is your sigh;  
The sun on the hills is your gladness  
In Spring going by.

The sea to its uttermost morning,  
Gold-fielded, unfrontiered and blue,  
Is the light and the space and the splendour  
My heart holds for you.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XC.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, delay no more,  
Nor in this prosy street abide!  
The fairy coach is at the door;  
The fairy ship is on the tide.

For I have built of golden dreams,  
And furnished with delight for thee,  
And lit with wondrous starry beams,  
A fairy place over sea.

Then, footman, up! Good horses, speed!  
Then, lads, aboard and make all sail!  
The wind is fair, the cable freed;  
Now what can all the world avail?



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCI.

Out of the floor of the greenish sea  
Flowers the scarlet moon,  
Thrusting the tip of her budding lip  
Through its watery sheath in the waiting June.

Out of the grey of forgotten things  
My heart shall arise at full,  
And illumine space to find your face  
By a love-light quiet and wonderful.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCII.

There's not a little boat, sweetheart,  
That dances on the tide, —  
There's not a nodding daisy-head  
In all the meadows wide, —

In all the warm green orchards,  
Where bright birds sing and stray,  
There's not a whistling oriole  
So glad as I this day.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCIH.

She said, "In all the purple hills,  
Where dance the lilies blue,  
Where all day long the springing larks  
Make fairy-tales come true,

"Where you can lie for hours and watch  
The unfathomable sky,  
There's not a breath of all the June  
That's half so glad as I!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCIV.

I saw the ships come wing by wing  
Up from the golden south with spring;  
And great was the treasure they had in hold  
Of food and raiment and gems and gold,  
The loot and barter of many lands  
Brought home by daring and hardy hands.

For love is the only seed that sows  
The waste of the sea which no man knows.

My sailing thoughts came back to me  
From faring over the great dream sea;  
And every one was laden deep  
With riches of memory to keep,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Laughter and joy and the smooth delight  
Of the little friend and the starry night.

For love is the only seed that sows  
The waste of the heart which no man knows.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCV.

Up and up, they all come up  
Out of the noon together,  
The flowering sails on the slope of the sea  
In the white spring weather.

In and in, they all draw in —  
A streaming flock together —  
From the lone and monstrous waste of sea  
By a single tether.

Home, come home, they all make home  
In a racing fleet together —  
The little white wishes I sent to you  
In the golden weather.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCVI.

I saw you in the gloaming, love,  
When all the fleets were homing, love,  
And under the large level moon the long grey  
seas were combing, love.

I saw you tall and splendid, love,  
And all my griefs were ended, love,  
When on me, as I put to land, your seaward  
eyes were bended, love.

The little boats were stranded, love,  
And all their rich bales landed, love;  
But all my wealth awaited me low-voiced and  
gentle-handed, love.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCVII.

How unutterably lonely  
Is the vast grey round of sea,  
Till the yellow flower of heaven  
Breaks and blossoms and gets free,  
Lighting up the lilac spaces  
With her golden density!  
Hope of sailors and of lovers,  
Swings the lantern of the sea.

Not the moon it was that lighted  
One grey waste of heart I know,  
Warmed with loving, touched with magic,  
And made molten and aglow,  
When your beauty flowered above it  
From a twilight soft and slow.  
Dearest face that still must beacon  
Where your lover still must go!



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCVIII.

Do you know the pull of the wind on the sea?  
That is the thought of you over my heart,  
The long soft breath of the soul drawing back  
to me,

From the desolate lone of outer space,  
At dead of night when we are apart.

Do you know the sound of the surf on the shore,  
At the lilac close of a soft spring day?  
That is the fairy music I hear once more,  
As I remember your last farewell,  
In the blue still night when you are away.

And the wondrous round of the moon on the hill,  
When blue dusk covers the rim of the sea?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

More desired and strange and loved and lovelier  
still

Is the vision that comes with love in her eyes —  
Your wonderful eyes — forever to me.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

XCIX.

The fishers are sailing; the fleet is away;  
The rowlocks are throbbing at break of day.

The cables are creaking; the sails are unfurled;  
The red sun is over the rim of the world.

The first summer hour is white on the hill;  
The sails in the harbour-mouth belly and fill, —

Each boat putting out with the breast of a gull  
For the mighty great deep that shall rock them  
and lull.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

There, there, they all pass out of sight one by  
one, —

Gleam, dazzle, and sink in the path of the sun, —

The last tiny speck to melt out and be free  
As a roseleaf of cloud on the rim of the sea.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

C.

My love said, "What is the sea?"  
I said, "The unmeasured sea  
Is my heart, sweetheart,  
That is stormy or still  
With its great wild will,  
Glorying, stainless and free,  
Or sad with a sorrow beyond man's speech to  
impart,  
But for ever calling to thee,  
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the tide?"  
I said, "The unshackled tide  
Is my love, sweetheart,  
The draft and sweep

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Of the restless deep,  
Made clean as the stars and wide,  
That forever must yearn to the land above and  
    apart,  
Till the day when she sinks to his side,  
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the land?"  
I said, "The Summer land  
Is thy face, sweetheart,  
Dreamy and warm and glad,  
In a benediction clad,  
With sunshine sweetened and tanned;  
And there is the set of the tide, the end and the  
    start,  
The sea's despair and demand,  
Heart of my heart!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CI.

The moonlight is a garden  
Upon the mountainside,  
Wherein your gleaming spirit  
All lovely and grave-eyed,

Touched with the happy craving  
That will not be denied,  
Aforetime used to wander  
Until it reached my side.

O wild white forest flower,  
Rose-love and lily-pride,  
And staunch of burning beauty  
Against your lover's side!

CII.

The lily said, to the rose,  
"What will become of our pride,  
When Yvonne comes down the path?"  
And the crimson rose replied,

"Our beauty and pride must wane,  
Yet we shall endure to stir  
The pulse of lovers unborn  
With metaphors of her."



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CIII.

The white water-lilies, they sleep on the lake,  
Till over the mountain the sun hids them wake.

At the rose-tinted touch of the long, level ray,  
Each pure, perfect blossom unfolds to the day.

Each affluent petal outstretched and uncurled  
To the glory and gladness and shine of the world.

O whiter land-lily, asleep in the dawn,  
While yet the cool curtain of stars is half drawn,

And all the dark forest is mystic and still,  
With the great yellow planet aglow on the hill,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Hark, somewhere among the grey beeches a  
thrush  
Sends the first thrill of sound to requicken the  
bush!

With a flutter of eyelids, a sigh soft and deep,  
An unfolding of rosy warm fingers from sleep,

For one perfect day more to love, gladden and  
roam,  
Thy spirit comes back to its flowerlike home.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CIV.

What are the great stars white and blue,  
Sparkling along the twilight there?  
They are the dewy gems let fall,  
When I loosed your hair.

What is the great pale, languorous moon  
On the floor of the sea alone?  
That is the yellow rose let fall,  
When I loosed your zone.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CV.

What is that spreading light far over the sea,  
In the thin cool dawn, in the wash of the summer  
air,

When the planets pale  
And the soft winds fail,  
But Yvonne with her yellow hair?

What is that deep, dark shine in the heart of the  
sea,

The glory and glow and darkle and dim  
surprise,

Melting and clear  
Beyond fathom of fear,  
But Yvonne with her smoke-blue eyes?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

What is that burning disk on the rim of the sea,  
When autumn brushfires smoulder and birds go  
    South,  
When twilight fills  
The imperial hills,  
But Yvonne with her scarlet mouth?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CVI.

Over the sea<sup>1</sup> is a scarlet cloud,  
And over the cloud the sun.  
And over my heart is a shining hope,  
And over that, Yvonne.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CVII.

What lies across my lonely bed  
Like tropic moonlight soft and pale?  
What deeper gold is that outspread  
Across my pillow like a veil?

What sudden fragrances are these  
That voyage across the gloom to me,  
With faint delirious ecstasies  
From fairy gardens over sea?

What rustles in the curtained dusk  
With the remembrance of a sigh,  
As if a breath of wandering air  
Should stir the poppies going by?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Lover of beauty, can it be  
That from some far off foreign clime  
The sumptuous night has brought to thee  
The Rose of Beauty of all time?



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CVIII.

Another day comes up,  
Wears over, and goes down;  
And it seems an age has passed  
In a little seaboard town.

To one who must weary and wait  
Till the sun comes round once more,  
Before he may tap on the pane  
And lift the latch of your door.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CIX.

Three things there be in the world, Yvonne;  
And what do you guess they mean?  
The stable land, the heaving sea,  
And the tide that hangs between.

Three things there be in this life, Yvonne;  
And what do you guess they mean?  
Your sun-warm soul, my wind-swept soul,  
And the current that draws between.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CX.

The first soft green of a Northern spring,  
Lit by a golden sun:  
That is the little frock you wore  
When our love was begun,  
In the house by the purple shore.

The gold-red flush of early fall,  
And the tinge of sun on the sea:  
That is the maiden vest you wore  
When you came to my knee,  
And the firelight danced on the floor.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXI.

Now all the twigs and grasses  
Are feathery with snow;  
The land is white and level,  
The brooks have ceased to flow.

No song is in the woodland,  
There is no light of sun,  
But bright and warm and tender  
Is my sweetheart, Yvonne.

The lower hills are purple,  
The farther peaks are lost;  
There's nothing left alive now,  
Except the bitter frost.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Yes, two there be that heed not  
How cold the year may run:  
The fire upon the hearthstone,  
And my sweetheart, Yvonne.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXII.

Our isle is a magic ship;  
You can feel it swing and dip,  
Running the long blue slopes  
Of sliding sea,  
With you and me  
The only adventurers.

The sails of the snow are spread.  
See how we forge ahead!  
Good-by, old summers and sorrows!  
O brave and dear  
Whom never a fear  
Of the breathless voyage deters!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXIII.

The sails of the ship are white, love;  
What are they?  
The hauling clouds, you say.

The ropes are weather-worn, love;  
What are they?  
The strands of rain, you say.

The lights ashore are lit, love;  
What are they?  
The beacon stars, you say.

How shall we keep the course, love,  
By night and day?  
By a secret chart, you say.





**MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART**

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

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SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

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But how shall we reckon true, love,  
Without time of day?  
By a tick of the heart, you say.

And how shall we know the land, love,  
On that day?  
You smile and will not say.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXIV.

Look, where the northern streamers wave and  
fold,

Bluish and green and gold,

At the far corner of the quiet land,  
Moved by an unseen hand!

Some one has drawn the curtains of the night,  
And taken away the light.

It is so still I cannot hear a sound,  
Except the mighty bound

Your little heart makes beating in your side,  
And the first sob of tide,

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

When the sea turns from ebb far down the shore  
To his old task once more.

O surging, stifling heart, have all your will,  
In the blue night and still!

Love till the Hand folds up the firmament,  
And the last stars are spent!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXV.

I do not long for fame,  
Nor triumph, nor trumpets of praise;  
I only wish my name  
To endure in the coming days,

When men say, musing at times,  
With smiling speech and slow,  
"He was a maker of rhymes  
Yvonne loved long ago!"

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXVI.

I know how the great and golden sun  
Will come up out of the sea,  
Stride in to shore  
And up to her door,  
To touch her hand and her hair,  
With so much more than a man can say,  
Bidding Yvonne good day.

I know how the great and quiet moon  
Will come up out of the sea,  
And climb the hill  
To her window-sill  
And enter all silently,  
And lie on her little cot so white,  
Kissing Yvonne good night.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

I know how the great and countless stars  
Will come up out of the sea,  
To keep their guard  
By her still dooryard,  
Lest the soul of Yvonne should stray  
And be lost for ever there by the deep,  
In the wonderful hills of sleep.

CXVII.

What will the Angel of the Morning say,  
Relieving guard?

“Night, who hath passed thy way  
To the Palace Yard?”

And Night will make reply,  
“Only two springtime lovers sought  
The King’s reward.”

Then will the Angel of the Morning say,  
“What said the King?”

“The King said nought, but smiled  
And took his ring  
And gave it to the man,  
And set him in his stead for one  
Sweet day of spring.”



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Then will the Angel of the Morning say,  
With grave regard,  
"Pass, Night, and leave the gate  
For once unbarred.  
I serve the lover now;  
He shall be free of all the earth  
For his reward."

CXVIII.

Along the faint horizon  
I watch the first soft green,  
And for the first wild warble  
Near to the ground I lean.

The flowers come up with colour,  
The birds come back with song,  
And from the earth are taken  
Despondency and wrong.

Yet in the purple shadows,  
And in the warm grey rain,  
What hints of ancient sorrow  
And unremembered pain!

---

SONGS / THE SEA CHILDREN

---

O sob and flush of April,  
That still must joy and sing!  
What is the sad, wild meaning  
Under the heart of Spring?

CXIX.

Once more the golden April;  
Gold are the willow-trees,  
And golden the soft murmur  
Of the gold-belted bees.

All golden is the sunshine,  
And golden are the flowers,  
The golden-wing makes music  
In the long, golden hours.

All dull gold are the marshes  
And red gold are the dunes,  
And gold the pollen dust is  
Moting the quiet noons.

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Even the sea's great sapphire  
Is panelled with raw gold.  
How else were spring unperished,  
A thousand ages old?

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXX.

Now comes the golden sunlight  
Up the glad earth once more,  
And every forest dweller  
Comes to his open door.

And now the quiet rain-wind  
Comes from the soft grey sea,  
To haunt thy April lover  
With lonely pangs for thee!

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

CXXI.

In the blue mystery of the April woods,  
Thy spirit now  
Makes musical the rainbird's interludes,  
And pink the peach-tree bough.

In the new birth of all things bright and fair,  
'Tis only thou  
Art very April, glory, light and air,  
And joy and ardour now!

## AFTERSONG.

These are the joyous songs  
The shy sea children sing,  
When the moon goes down the west,  
Soft as a pale moth wing;

When the gnat and the bumblebee  
In the gauze of sleep are fast,  
And a fairy summer dream  
Is the only thing will last.

These are the ever-songs  
The heart of the sea will sing,  
When ash-coloured birds are building,  
And lilac thickets ring;



---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

When June is an open road  
For every soul that stirs;  
When scarlet voices summon,  
And not a foot defers.

These are the twilight songs  
Out of the simple North,  
Where the marchers of the night  
In silent troops go forth;

Where Alioth sails and sails  
Forever round the pole,  
And wonder brings no sad  
Disquietude of soul.

And all their bodily beauty  
Must flower a moment and die,  
As the rain goes down the sea-rim,  
The streamers up the sky;

---

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

---

Till time as a falling echo  
Shall sift them over and o'er,  
And the wind between the stars  
Can tell their words no more.

Yet the lyric beat and cry  
Which frets the poor frail things  
Shall pass from joy to joy  
Up through a thousand springs,

Teasing the sullen years  
Out of monotony,  
As reedbirds pour their rapture  
By the unwintered sea.



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OUR LADY OF THE RAIN.

Across the purple valleys,  
Along the misty hills,  
By murmur-haunted rivers  
And silver-gurgling rills,  
By woodland, swamp and barren,  
By road and field and plain,  
Arrives the Green Enchantress,  
Our Lady of the Rain.

Her pure and mystic planet  
Is lighted in the west;  
In ashy-rose and lilac  
Of melting evening dressed,  
With golden threads of sunset  
Inwoven in her gown,

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

With glamour of the springtime  
She has bewitched the town.

Her look is soft with dreaming  
On old forgotten years;  
Her eyes are grave and tender  
With unpermitted tears;  
For she has known the sorrows  
Of all this weary earth,  
Yet ever brings it gladness,  
Retrieval and new birth.

And when her splendid pageant,  
Sidereal and slow,  
With teeming stir and import  
Sweeps up from line to snow,  
There's not an eager mortal  
But would arise and make  
Some brave unpromised venture  
For her immortal sake.



---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

For no man knows what power  
Is sleeping in the seed,  
What destiny may slumber  
Within the smallest deed.  
In calm no fret can hurry,  
Nor any fear detain,  
She brings our own to meet us —  
Our Lady of the Rain.

She saw the red clay moulded  
And quickened into man;  
The sweetness of her spirit  
Within his pulses ran;  
The ardour of her being  
Was in his veins like fire,  
The unreluctant passion,  
The unallayed desire.

'Twas she who brought rejoicing  
To Babylon and Ur.

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

To Carthage and to Sidon  
Men came to worship her.  
Her soft spring rites were honoured  
At Argolis and Troy,  
And dark Caldean women  
Gave thanks to her for joy.

With cheer and exaltation  
With hope for all things born,  
To hearten the disheartened,  
To solace the forlorn,  
Too gentle and all-seeing  
For judgment or disdain,  
She comes with loving kindness —  
Our Lady of the Rain.

With magical resurgence  
For all the sons of men  
She crosses winter's frontier,  
They know not whence nor when.

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

Yet silently as sunlight  
Along the forest floor  
Her step is on the threshold,  
Her shadow at the door.

On many a lonely clearing  
Among the timbered hills  
She calls across the distance,  
Until the twilight fills  
With voice of loosened waters,  
And from the marshy ground  
The frogs begin refilling  
Their flutes with joyous sound.

Then note by note is lifted  
The chorus clear and shrill,  
And all who hear her summons  
Must answer to her will;  
For she will not abandon  
The old Pandean strain

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

That called the world from chaos —  
Our Lady of the Rain.

And still her wondrous music  
Comes up with early spring,  
And meadowland and woodland  
With silver wildness ring;  
The sparrow by the roadside,  
The wind among the reeds,  
Whoever hears that piping  
Must follow where it leads.

Though no man knows the reason,  
Nor how the rumour spread,  
Through canyon-streeted cities  
Her message has been sped;  
And some forgotten longing  
To hear a bluebird sing  
Bids folk from open windows  
Look forth — and it is spring.

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

Come out into the sunshine,  
You dwellers of the town,  
Put by your anxious dolors,  
And cast your sorrows down.  
O, starved and pampered people,  
How futile is your gain!  
Behold, there comes to heal you  
Our Lady of the Rain.

Go where the buds are breaking  
Upon the cherry bough,  
And the strong sap is mounting  
In every tree-trunk now;  
Where orchards are in blossom  
On every spray and spire,  
Go hear the orioles whistle  
And pass like flecks of fire.

Go find the first arbutus  
Within the piney wood,

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

And learn from that shy dweller  
How sweet is solitude;  
Go listen to the white-throat  
In some remote ravine  
Rehearse in tranquil patience  
His ecstasy serene.

Go down along the beaches  
And borders of the sea,  
When golden morning kindles  
That blue immensity,  
And watch the white sails settle  
Below the curving rim  
Of this frail vast of colour,  
Diaphanous and dim.

Go watch by brimming river  
Or reedy-marged lagoon  
The wild geese row their galley  
Across the rising moon,

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

That comes up like a bubble  
Out of the black fir-trees,  
And ask what mind invented  
Such miracles as these.

Who came when we were sleeping  
And wrought this deathless lure,  
This vivid vernal wonder  
Improbable and sure?  
Where Algol and Bootes  
Mark their enormous range,  
What seraph passed in power  
To touch the world with change?

What love's unerring purpose  
Reveals itself anew  
In these mysterious transports  
Of tone and shape and hue?  
Doubt not the selfsame impulse  
Throbs in thy restless side,

---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

Craves at the gates of being,  
And would not be denied.

Be thou the west wind's brother,  
And kin to bird and tree,  
The soul of spring may utter  
Her oracles to thee;  
Her breath shall give thee courage,  
Her tan shall touch thy cheek,  
The words of sainted lovers  
Be given thee to speak.

Fear not the mighty instinct,  
The great Aprilian Creed;  
The House of Spring is open  
And furnished for thy need.  
But fear the little wisdom,  
The paltry doubt and vain,  
And trust without misgiving  
Our Lady of the Rain.



---

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

---

What foot would fail to meet her,  
And who would stay indoor,  
When April in her glory  
Comes triumphing once more —  
When adder-tongue and tulip  
Put on their coats of gold,  
And all the world goes love-mad  
For beauty as of old?

At every year's returning  
The swallows will be here,  
The stalls be gay with jonquils,  
The dogwood reappear;  
And up from the southwestward  
Come back to us again  
With sorceries of gladness —  
Our Lady of the Rain.

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN.

In a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning  
sun,  
Here in earliest September with the summer  
nearly done,  
Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties,  
one by one!

Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies,  
purple phlox, —  
Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail  
yet perfect locks  
In the tacit doors of being where the soul stands  
still and knocks?

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard  
the turbid straits

Where the racing tides have entry; but who  
keeps for us the gates

In the mighty range of silence where mar s spirit  
calls and waits?

Where is Glooscaap? There's a legend of that  
saviour of the West,

The henig one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts  
well, though men the best,

Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their  
villages had rest.

Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors  
being gone

On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on  
a fawn,

On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to  
attack at dawn.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he surprised them; waved his bow;  
Through the summer leaves descended a great frost, as white as snow;  
Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness long ago.

Then a miracle. Among them, while still death undid their thews,  
Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic he could use,  
She arose unharmed with morning, and departing, told the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country for his pond,  
All the way from the Pereaue here to Bass River and beyond,  
Stoned the rascal; drained the Basin; routed out that vagabond.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap  
flung at him that day,  
When from Blouidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's dam away, —  
Cleared the channel, and the waters thundered  
out into the bay.

*(Do we idle, little children? Ah, well, there is  
hope, maybe,*

*In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'er-  
do-wells as we!*

*I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be  
calling me!)*

Here he left us — see the orchards, red and gold  
in every tree! —

All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and  
Cheverie,

All the garden lands of Minas and a passage  
out to sea.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through  
the meadows wind and creep.

All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night  
the starry sleep,

While the labouring tides that rest not have their  
business with the deep!

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down  
of hars,

Putting gateways in the mountains with their  
thousand-year-old scars,

That the daring and the dauntless might steer  
outward by the stars.

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our  
fears.

Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry  
of years,

Dead the tales that frighten children, when the  
pure white light appears.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What  
doth Balder of the flowers,  
Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back  
amid the showers  
And the sunshine to the Northland to revive  
this earth of ours?

First, how came my garden, where untimely not  
a leaf may wilt?

For a thousand years the currents trenched the  
rock and wheeled the silt,  
Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled,  
toiling that it might be built.

For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the  
derrick of the tide;  
And a great wind heaved and blustered, — swung  
the weight round with a stride,  
Mining tons of red detritus out of the old moun-  
tain side, —

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth  
of stream and rill  
For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist  
and sill  
Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their  
shadows or lie still.

So my garden floor was founded by the labour-  
ing frugal sea,  
Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that  
were to be,  
All for my great drowsy poppies and my mari-  
golds and me.

Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and out-  
come of such toil, —  
These, the children of a summer, whom a breath  
of frost would foil,  
I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of  
the soil?



---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Did those vague and drafty sea-tides, as they  
journeyed, feel the surge  
Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times  
full from verge to verge,  
Mounting to some far achievement where its  
ardour might emerge?

Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses  
fixed and sure,  
Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through  
Nature's vestiture,  
Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which  
so perilously endure?

Do I say to it, "Give over!" — Can I will, and  
it will cease?

Nay, it stops but with destruction; knows no res-  
pite nor release.

I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them  
be at peace.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to  
a thought beyond its own,  
Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its  
will from zone to zone,  
Setting door-stones for a people in a century un-  
known,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we  
love so well.  
Gently there, my fine logician, brooding in your  
lone grey cell!  
Was it all for our contentment such a miracle  
befell?

No; because my drowsy poppies and my mari-  
golds and I  
Have this human need in common, nodding as  
the wind goes by;  
There is that supreme within us no one life can  
satisfy.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet  
my own,  
They are hut the stranger people, swarthy chil-  
dren of the sun,  
Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the  
year is done.

*(How we idle, little children! Still our best of  
tasks may be,  
From distraction and from discord without base-  
ness to get free.  
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be  
calling me!)*

Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers  
of the grass,  
With *Aloha* at your doorways I salute you as  
you pass,  
I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom  
ever was.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned  
and crimson stain,  
Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long  
as we remain,  
You for days and I for seasons mystics by the  
common strain,

Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon  
red and low,  
Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven  
when we go  
From the roof-tree of the rain-wind and the  
broad eaves of the snow.

And this thing called life, which frets us like a  
fever without name,  
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can  
tame,  
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in  
perfect flame, —

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

What it is I know not; only I know they and  
I are one,

By the lure that bids us linger in the great House  
of the Sun,

By the fervour that sustains us at the door we can-  
not shun.

From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright  
domain;

On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the plough-  
man rain;

All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to  
attain.

Waking at the word of April with the South  
Wind at her heels,

We await the revelation locked beneath the four  
great seals,

Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the  
Northern search-light wheels.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely  
earth once more,

With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind  
at the door,

With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and  
restore,

We abide the rapturèd moment, with the patience  
of a stone,

Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from  
zone to zone,

To that last fine state of being where they live  
on joy alone.

O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of  
human heart's desire,

When earth's need took shape and substance, and  
the impulse to aspire

Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the  
red clay with fire,

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and  
allure us still,

Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's  
granite sill,

Past the curtain of the sunset in the portals of the  
hill,

To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of  
soul.

I for one must keep the splendid faith in good  
your lives extol,

Well assured the love you lived by is my being's  
source and goal.

Fearless when the will bids "Venture," or the  
sleepless mind bids "Know,"

Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let  
me come and go,

Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent  
Tents of Snow.

---

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

---

In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity  
Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet  
thoughts to me,  
While the wind went down the orchard to the  
dikes and out to sea.

*(Idling yet? My flowery children, only far too  
well I see  
How this day will glow forever in my life that  
is to be!  
I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn  
calling me!)*



## THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

My hillside garden half-way up  
The mountains from the purple sea,  
Beholds the pomp of days *go* by  
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds  
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,  
And the white fog seethe up and spill  
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,  
Like a great caldron of the tides,  
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,  
And ever fuming up their sides.

---

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

---

Yet here within my valley world  
No breath of all that tumult stirs;  
The little orchards sleep in peace;  
Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep  
The silver legions of the showers,  
I have communion with the grass  
And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech  
Their dialect of silence is,  
The simple Dorian of the fields,  
So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say  
Good morning to the marigolds,  
Their velvet taciturnity  
Reveals as much as it withholds.

---

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

---

I always half expect to hear  
Some hint of what they mean to do;  
But never is their fine reserve  
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem  
To understand their reticence,  
And so, long since, I came to love  
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,  
When earth is only half-aware,  
They will unlock their heart for once, —  
How sad if I should not be there!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

My modest Northern garden  
Is full of yellow flowers,  
And quaking leaves and sunlight  
And long noon hours.

It hangs upon the hillside  
Above the little town;  
And there in pleasant weather  
You can look far down,

To the broad dikes of Grand Pré  
Roamed over by the herds,  
And the purple Minas water  
Where fish the white sea-birds.

---

AT HOME AND ABROAD

---

I watch the little vessels,  
Where the slow rivers glide  
Between the grassy orchards.  
Come in upon the tide.

For daily there accomplished  
Is the sea's legerdemain,  
To fill the land with rivers  
And empty it again.

Before you lies North Mountain,  
Built like a long sea-wall —  
A wonder in blue summer  
And in the crimson fall.

The sea-fogs cloud and mantle  
Along its fir-dark crest,  
While under it the fruit-lands  
Have shelter and have rest.

---

AT HOME AND ABROAD

---

And when the goblin moonlight  
Loiters upon her round  
Of valley, marsh and mountain  
To bless my garden-ground, —

(The harvest moon that lingers  
Until her task is done,  
And all the grain is ripened  
For her great lord, the sun,)

I know that there due northward,  
Under the polar star,  
Sir Blomidon is fronting  
Whatever storms there are.

I cannot see those features  
I love so well by day,  
Calmed by a thousand summers,  
Scarred by the winter's play;

---

AT HOME AND ABROAD

---

Yet there above the battle  
Of the relentless tides,  
Under the solemn starlight  
He muses and abides.

And in the magic stillness,  
The moonlight's ghostly gleam  
Makes me its sylvan brother,  
To rove the world a-dream.

That wayward and oblivious  
Mortal I seem to be  
Shall habit not forever  
This garden by the sea.

Not Blomidon nor Grand Pré  
Shall be his lasting home,  
Nor all the Ardisse country  
Give room enough to roam.

---

AT HOME AND ABROAD

---

Even to-night a little  
He strays, and will not bide  
The gossip of the flowers,  
The rumour of the tide.

He must be forth and seeking,  
Beyond this garden-ground,  
The arm-in-arm companion  
For whom the sun goes round.

And in the soft May weather  
I walk with you again,  
Where the terraces of Meudon  
Look down upon the Seine.



## KILLOOLEET.

There's a wonderful woodland singer  
In the North, called Killoolet, —  
That is to say Little Sweetvoice  
In the tongue of the Milicete,

The tribe of the upper Wolaastook,  
Who range that waterway  
From the blue fir hills of its sources  
To the fogs and tides of the bay.

All day long in the sunshine,  
All night long through the rains,  
On the grey wet cedar barrens  
And the lonely blueberry plains,

---

KILLOOLEET

---

You may hear Killoolet singing,  
Hear his *O sweet*  
(Then a grace-note, then the full cadence),  
*Killoolet, Killoolet, Killoolet!*

Whenever you dip a paddle,  
Or set a pole, in the stream,  
Killoolet marks the ripple,  
Killoolet knows the gleam;

Killoolet gives you welcome,  
Killoolet makes you free  
With the great sweet wilderness freedom  
That holds over land and sea.

You may slide your birch through the alders,  
Or camp where the rapids brawl,  
The first glad forest greeting  
Will still be Killoolet's call.

---

K I L L O O L E E T

---

Wherever you drive a tent-pin,  
Or kindle a fire at night,  
Killooleet comes to the ridge-pole,  
Killooleet answers the light.

The dark may silence the warblers;  
The heavy and thunderous hush  
That comes before storm may stifle  
The pure cool notes of the thrush;

The waning season may sober  
Bobolink, bluebird, and quail;  
But Killooleet's stainless transport  
Will not diminish nor fail.

Henceforth you shall love and fear not,  
Remembering Killooleet's song  
Haunting the wild waste places,  
Deliberate, tranquil, and strong;

---

KILLOOLEET

---

And so you shall come without cunning,  
But wise in the simpler lore,  
To the House of the Little Brothers,  
And God will open the door.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON  
THE HILL.

*"Bartholomew with his cold dew."*

Bartholomew, my brother,  
I like your roomy church;  
I like your way of leaving  
No sinners in the lurch.

I wish the world were wealthy  
In ministers like you,  
When at the lovely August  
You give the blessed dew.

I love your rambling Abbey,  
So long ago begun,  
Whose choirs are in the tree-tops,  
Whose censer is the sun.

---

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON THE HILL

---

Its windows are the morning;  
Its rafters are the stars;  
The fog-banks float like incense  
Up from its purple floors.

And where the ruddy apples  
Make lamps in the green gloom,  
'The flowers in congregation  
Are never pressed for room;

But in your hillside chapel,  
Gay with its gorgeous paints,  
They bow before the Presence,—  
Sweet merry little saints!

THE CHURCH OF THE  
LEAVES.

In French Canadian legendry,  
A rising from the dead recurs  
Each Christmastide. The old *curé*,  
With his parishioners

Around him, in the night returns;  
And while his voice renews its bond  
In the beloved offices,  
The ghostly flock respond.

Just so, we keep the forms of faith  
That wrought and moved us long ago;  
We mark the height man's soul attained,  
Forgetting it must grow.

---

THE CHURCH OF THE LEAVES

---

Those venerable outgrown shells  
Wherefrom the radiant life is fled, —  
We wrong with our idolatry  
The dogmas of the dead.

But He who walked with the world-soul  
At twilight in Gethsemane,  
Breathing among the listening boughs  
Sweet prayers of charity,

Must daily with the wind return  
About the dim world, to renew  
The trembling litanies of the leaves,  
The blessings of the dew.

He must revive with wind-sweet voice  
The gospel hardly known to flesh,  
Till the same spirit speaks again,  
Interpreting afresh ;



---

THE CHURCH OF THE LEAVES

---

Till the vast house of trees and air  
Reverberates from roof to floor  
With meanings of mysterious things  
We need to ask no more.

For still He walks these shadowy aisles,  
Dreaming of beauties still to be,  
More manly than our manliest,  
Whose thought and love were free.

The pines are all His organ pipes,  
And the great rivers are His choir;  
And creatures of the field and tide  
That reckon not, yet aspire,

Our brothers of the tardy hope,  
Put forth their strength in senses dim,  
Threading the vast, they know not why,  
Through eons up to Him.

---

THE CHURCH OF THE LEAVES

---

I see Him in the orchard glooms,  
Watching the russet apples tan,  
With the serene regard of one  
Who is more God than man.

And where the silent valley leads  
The small white water through the hills,  
And the black spruces stand unmoved,  
And quiet sunlight fills

The world and time with large slow peace,  
It is His patience waiting there  
Response from lives whose breath is but  
The echo of His prayer.

Brother of Nazareth, behold,  
We, too, perceive this life expand  
Beyond the daily need, for use  
Thy thought must understand.

---

THE CHURCH OF THE LEAVES

---

Not for ourselves alone we strive,  
Since Thy perfection manifest  
Bids self resign what self desired,  
Postponing good for best.

And in the far unfretted years  
The generations we uphold  
Shall reach the measure of Thy heart,  
The stature of Thy mould.

## THE DEEP ROLLOW ROAD.

Cool in the summer mountain's heart,  
It lies in dim, mysterious shade,  
Left of the highway turning in  
With grassy rut and easy grade.

The marshes and the sea behind,  
The solemn fir-blue hills before;  
Here is the inn for Heavy-heart  
And this is weary Free-foot's door.

O fellows, I have known it long;  
For joy of life turn in with me;  
We bivouac with peace to-night,  
And good-bye to the brawling sea.

---

THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD

---

You hear? That's master thrush. He knows  
The voluntaries fit for June,  
And when to falter on the flute  
In the satiety of noon.

A mile or two we follow in  
This rosy streak through forest gloom,  
Then for the ample orchard slopes  
And all the earth one snowy bloom!

MALYN'S DAISY.

You know it. Rays of ashy blue  
Around a centre small and golden,  
An autumn face of cheery hue  
And fashion olden.

When the year rests at Michaelmas  
Before the leaves must vanish faster,  
The country people see it pass  
And call it aster.

It does not come with joy and June;  
It knows God's time is sometimes tardy;  
And waits until we need the boon  
Of spirit hardy.

---

MALYN'S DAISY

---

So unobtrusive, yet so fair,  
About a world it makes so human,  
Its touch of grace is everywhere —  
Just like a woman.

Along the road and up the dike  
It wanders when the noons are hazy,  
To tell us what content is like;  
That's Malyn's daisy.

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU.

TO H. E. C.

There are sunflowers too in my garden on top  
of the hill,  
Where now in early September the sun has his  
will, —  
The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely, taking  
his fill  
Of life in the orchards and fir woods so moveless  
and still;  
As if, should they stir, they might break some illu-  
sion and spill  
The store of their long summer musing on top of  
the hill.



---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

The crowds of black spruces in tiers from the valley below,  
Ranged round their sky-roofed coliseum, mount row after row.  
How often there, rank above rank, they have watched for the slow  
Silver-lanterned processions of twilight, — the moon's come and go!  
How often as if they expected some bugle to blow,  
Announcing a bringer of news they were breathless to know,  
They have hushed every leaf, — to hear only the murmurous flow  
Of the small mountain river sent up from the valley below!  
How still through the sweet summer sun, through the soft summer rain,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

They have stood there awaiting the summons  
should bid them attain  
The freedom of knowledge, the last touch of  
truth to explain  
The great golden gist of their brooding, the mar-  
vellous train  
Of thought they have followed so far, been so  
strong to sustain,—  
The bright gospel of sun and the pure revelations  
of rain!

Then the orchards that dot, all in order, the green  
valley floor,  
Every tree with its boughs weighed to earth, like  
a tent from whose door  
Not a lodger looks forth, — yet the signs are there  
gay and galore,  
The great ropes of red fruitage and russet, crisp  
snow to the core.

---

ABOVE THE GASPHEREAU .

---

Can the dark-eyed Romany here have deserted  
of yore

Their camp at the coming of frost? Will they  
seek it no more?

Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village? Who  
knows the fine lore

Of the tribes of the apple-trees there on the green  
valley floor?

Who, indeed? From the blue mountain gorge  
to the dikes by the sea,

Goes that stilly wanderer, small Gaspereau; who  
but he

Should give the last hint of perfection, the touch  
that sets free

From the taut string of silence the whisper of  
beauties to be!

The very sun seems to have tarried, turned back  
a degree,

---

· ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

To lengthen out noon for the apple-folk here by  
the sea.

What is it? Who comes? What's abroad on the  
blue mountainside?

A hush has been laid on the leaves and will not  
be defied.

Is the great Scarlet Hunter at last setting out on  
his ride

From the North with deliverance now? Were  
the lights we descried

Last night in the heavens his camp-fires seen far  
and wide,

The white signal of peace for whose coming the  
ages have cried?

"Expectancy lingers; fulfilment postponed," I  
replied,

When soul said uneasily, "Who is it haunts your  
hillside?"

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

All the while not a word from my sunflowers  
here on the hill.

And to-night when the stars over Blomidon  
flower and fill

The blue Northern garden of heaven, so pale and  
so still,

From the lordly king-aster Aldebaran there by  
the sill

Of the East, where the moonlight will enter, not  
one will fulfil

A lordlier lot than my sunflowers here on the  
hill.

So much for mere fact, mere impression. So  
much I portray

Of the atmosphere, colour, illusion of one  
autumn day,

In the little Acadian village above the Grand  
Pré;

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Just the quiet of orchards and firs, where the  
sun had full sway,  
And the river went trolling his soft wander-song  
to the bay,

While roseberry, aster, and sagaban tangled his  
way.

Be you their interpreter, reasoner; tell what they  
say,

These children of silence whose patient regard  
I portray.

You Londoner, walking in Bishopsgate, stroll-  
ing the Strand,

Some morning in autumn afford, at a fruit-  
dealer's stand,

The leisure to look at his apples there ruddy and  
tanned.

Then ask, when he's smiling to serve you, if  
choice can command

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

A Gravenstein grown oversea on Canadian land.  
(And just for the whim's sake, for once, you'll  
have no other brand!)

How teach you to tell them? Pick one, and  
with that in your hand,

Bethink you awhile as you turn again into the  
Strand.

"What if," you will say, — so smooth in your  
hand it will lie,

So round and so firm, of so rich a red to the eye,  
Like a dash of Fortuny, a tinge of some Indian  
dye,

While you turn it and toss, mark the bloom, ere  
you taste it and try, —

"Now what if this grew where the same bright  
pavilion of sky

Is stretched o'er the valley and hillside he bids  
me descry,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

The windless valley of peace, where the seasons  
go by,

And the river goes down through the orchards  
where long shadows lie”

There's the fruit in your hand, in your ears is  
the roar of the street,

The pulse of an empire keeping its volume and  
beat,

Its sure come and go day and night, while we  
sleep or we eat.

Taste the apple, bite in to the juice; how abun-  
dant and sweet!

As sound as your own English heart, and whole-  
some as wheat.

There grow no such apples as that in your  
Bishopsgate street.

Or perhaps in St. Helen's Place, when your  
business is done



---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

And the ledgers put by, you will think of the  
hundred and one

Commissions and errands to do; but what under  
the sun

Was that, so important? Ah, yes! the new  
books overrun

The old shelves. It is high time to order a new  
set begun.

Then off to the joiner's. You enter to see his  
plane run

With a long high shriek through the lumber he's  
working upon.

Then he turns from his shavings to query what  
you would have done.

But homeward 'tis you who make question. That  
song of the blade!

And the sharp sweet cry of the wood, what an  
answer it made!

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

What stories the joiner must hear, as he plies  
his clean trade,  
Of the wild life of the forest where long  
shadows wade  
The untrodden moss, and the firs send a journey-  
ing shade  
So slow through the valley so far from the song  
of his blade.

Come back to my orchards a moment. They're  
waiting for you.  
How still are the little grey leaves where the  
pippins peep through!  
The boughs where the ribstons hang red are  
half-breaking in two.  
Above them September in magical soft Northern  
blue  
Has woven the spell of her silence, like frost or  
like dew,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Yet warm as a poppy's red dream. When All  
Saints shall renew

The beauty of summer awhile, will their dream-  
ing come true?

Ah, not of my Grand Pré they dream, nor your  
London and you!

Their life is their own, and the surge of it. All  
through the spring

They pushed forth their buds, and the rainbirds  
at twilight would sing.

They put forth their bloom, and the world was as  
fairy a thing

As a Japanese garden. Then midsummer came  
with a zing

And the clack of the locust; then fruit-time and  
coolness, to bring

This aftermath deep underfoot with its velvety  
spring.

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

And they all the while with the fatherly,  
motherly care,  
Taking sap from the strength of the ground,  
taking sun from the air,  
Taking chance of the frost and the worm, taking  
courage to dare,  
Have given their life that the life might be  
goodly and fair  
In their kind for the seasons to come, with  
good witness to bear  
How the sturdy old race of the apples could  
give and not spare.  
To-morrow the harvest begins. We shall rifle  
them there  
Of the beautiful fruit of their bodies, the crown  
of their care.  
  
How lovingly then shall the picker set hand to  
the bough! —

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Bid it yield, ere the seed come to earth or the  
graft to the plough,

Not only sweet life for its kind, as the instincts  
allow,

That savour and shape may survive generations  
from now,

But life to its kin who can say, "I am stronger  
than thou," —

Fulfilling a lordlier law than the law of the  
bough.

I heard before dawn, with planets beginning to  
quail, —

"Whoso hath life, let him give, that my purpose  
prevail:

Whoso hath none, let him take, that his strength  
may be hale.

Behold, I have reckoned the tally, I keep the  
full tale.

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Whoso hath love, let him give, lest his spirit  
grow stale;

Whoso hath none, let him die; he shall wither  
and fail.

Behold I will plénish the loss at the turn of the  
scale.

He hath law to himself, who hath love; ye shall  
hope and not quail."

Then the sun arose, and my sunflowers here on  
the hill,

In free ceremonial turned to the East to fulfil  
Their daily observance, receiving his peace and  
his will, —

The lord of their light who alone bids the dark-  
ness be nil,

The lord of their love who alone bids the life in  
them thrill;

Undismayed and serene, they awaited him here  
on the hill.

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Ah, the patience of earth! Look down at the  
dark pointed firs;

They are carved out of blackness; one pattern  
recurs and recurs.

They crowd all the gullies and hillsides, the  
gashes and spurs,

As silent as death. What an image! How  
nature avers

The goodness of calm with that taciturn beauty  
of hers!

As silent as sleep. Yet the life in them climbs  
and upstirs.

They too have received the great law, know  
that haste but defers

The perfection of time, — the initiate gospeller  
firs.

So year after year, slow ring upon ring, they  
have grown,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Putting infinite long-loving care into leafage  
and cone,

By the old ancient craft of the earth they have  
pondered and known

In the dead of the hot summer noons, as still  
as a stone.

Not for them the gay fruit of the thorn, nor the  
high scarlet roan,

Nor the plots of the deep orchard-land where  
the apples are grown.

In winter the wind, all huddled and shuddering,  
came

To warm his old bones by the fires of sunset  
afame

Behind the black house of the firs. When the  
moose-birds grew tame

In the lumherer's camps in the woods, what  
marvellous fame



---

ABOVE THE GASPHEREAU

---

His talk and the ice of his touch would spread  
and proclaim,  
Of the berg and the floe of the lands without  
nation or name,  
Where the earth and the sky, night and noon,  
north and south are the same,  
The white and awful Nirvana of cold whence  
he came!

Then April, some twilight picked out with a great  
yellow star,  
Returning, like Hylas long lost and come back  
with his jar  
Of sweet living water at last, having wandered  
so far,  
Leads the heart out-of-doors, and the eye to the  
point of a spar,  
At whose base in the half-melted snow the first  
Mayflowers are, —

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

And there the first robin is pealing below the  
great star.

So soon, oversoon, the full summer. Within  
those dark boughs,  
Deliberate and far, a faltering reed-note will  
rouse  
The shy transports of earth, till the wood-crea-  
tures hear where they house,  
And grow bold as the tremble-eared rabbits that  
nibble and mouse.  
While up through the pasture-lot, startling the  
sheep as they browse,  
Where kingbirds and warblers are piercing the  
heat's golden drowse,  
Some girl, whom the sun has made tawny, the  
wind had to blowse,  
Will come there to gentle her lover beneath  
those dark boughs.

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Then out of the hush, when the grasses are  
frosty and old,  
Will the chickadee's tiny alarm against winter  
be rolled;  
And soon, when the ledges and ponds are bitten  
with cold,  
The honk of the geese, that wander-cry stirring  
and bold,  
Will sound through the night, where those hardy  
mariners hold  
The uncharted course through the dark, as it  
is from of old.

Ah, the life of the woods, how they share and  
partake of it all,  
These evergreens, silent as Indians, solemn and  
tall!  
From the goldenwing's first far-heard awaken-  
ing call,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

The serene flute of the thrush in his high beech  
hall,

And the pipe of the frog, to the bannered ap-  
proach of the fall,

And the sullen wind, when snow arrives on a  
squall,

Trooping in all night from the North with news  
would appal

Any outposts but these; with a zest they partake  
of it all.

Lo, out of the hush they seem to mount and  
aspire!

From basement to tip they have builded, with  
heed to go higher,

One circlet of branches a year with their lift of  
green spire.

Nay, rather they seem to repose, having done  
with desire,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Awaiting the frost, with the fruit scarlet-bright  
on the briar,  
Each purpose fulfilled, each ardour that bade  
them aspire.

Then hate be afar from the hite of the axe that  
shall fell  
These keepers of solitude, makers of quiet, who  
dwell  
On the slopes of the North. And clean be the  
hand that shall quell  
The tread of the sap that was wont to go mount-  
ing so well,  
Round on round with the sun in a spiral, slow  
cell after cell,  
As a bell-ringer climbs in a turret. That resinous  
smell  
From the eighth angel's hand might have risen  
with the incense to swell

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

His offering in heaven, when the half-hour's silence befell.

Behold, as the prayers of the saints that went up to God's knees

In John's Revelation, the silence and patience of these

Our brothers of orchard and hill, the unhurrying trees,

To better the burden of earth till the dark suns freeze,

Shall go out to the stars with the sound of Acadian seas,

And the scent of the wood-flowers blowing about their great knees.

To-night when Altair and Alshain are ruling the West,

Whence Boötes is driving his dogs to long hunting addressed ;

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

With Alioth plumb over Blomidon standing  
at rest;

When Algol is leading the Pleiades over the  
crest

Of the magical East, and the South puts Al-  
pherat to test

With Menkar just risen; will come, like a sigh  
from Earth's hreast,

The first sob of the tide turning home, — one  
distraught in his quest

Forever, and calling forever the wind in the  
west.

And to-night there will answer the ghost of a  
sigh on the hill,

So small you would say, Is it wind, or the frost  
with a will

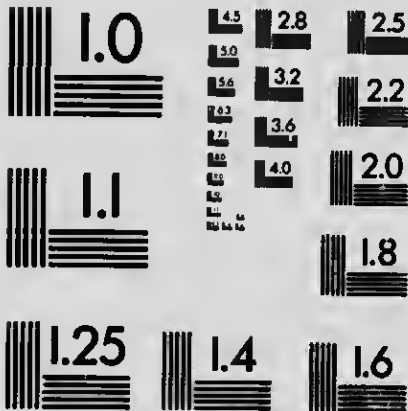
Walking down through the woods, who to-  
morrow shall show us his skill





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---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

In yellows and reds? So noiseless, it hardly  
will thrill

The timorous aspens, which tremble when all  
else is still;

Yet the orchards will know, and the firs aware  
on the hill.

“O Night, I am old, I endure. Since my he-  
ing began,

When out of the dark the aurora spread up like  
a fan,

I have founded the lands and the islands; the  
hills are my plan.

I have covered the pits of the earth with my  
bridge of one span.

From the Horn to Dunedin unbroken my long  
rollers ran,

From Pentland and Fastnet and Foyle to Bras  
d'Or and Manan,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

To dredge and upbuild for the creatures of tribe  
and of clan.

Lo, now who shall end the contriving my fingers  
began?"

Then the little wind that blows from the great  
star-drift

Will answer, "Thou tide in the least of the  
planets I lift,

Considers the journeys of light. Are thy journey-  
ings swift?

Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I  
huddle and shift.

Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter  
and sift.

I have freighting to do for the weed and the  
frail thistle drift.

"O ye apples and firs, great and small are  
as one in the end.

---

ABOVE THE GASPEKEAU

---

Because ye had life to the full, and spared not  
to spend ;

Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and  
fend ;

Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving  
close to life's trend ;

Nor questioned where impulse had origin, — pur-  
pose might 'tend ;

Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose  
promptings transcend

Attainment forever, through death with new  
being to blend.

O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love  
is all in the end."

Ah, friend of mine over the sea, shall we not  
discern,

In the life of our brother the beech and our  
sister the fern,

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

As St. Francis would call them (his Minorites,  
too, would we learn!),  
In death but a door to new being no creature  
may spurn,  
But must enter for beauty's completion, — pass  
up in his turn  
To the last round of joy, yours and mine, whence  
to think and discern?  
  
Who shall say "the last round?" Have I passed  
by the exit of soul?  
From behind the tall door that swings outward,  
replies no patrol  
To our restless *Qui vive?* when is paid each  
implacable toll.  
Not a fin of the tribes shall return, having cleared  
the great shoal;  
Not a wing of the migrants come back from  
below the dark knoll;

---

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU

---

Yet the zest of the flight and the swimming who  
fails to extol?

Saith the Riddle, "The parts are all plain;  
ye may guess at the whole."

I guess, "Immortality, knowledge, survival of  
Soul."

To-night, with the orchards below and the firs  
on the hill

Asleep in the long solemn moonlight and taking  
no ill,

A hand will open the sluice of the great sea-  
mill, —

Start the gear and the belts of the tide. Then  
a murmur will fill

The hollows of midnight with sound, when all  
else is still,

A promise to hearten my sunflowers here on the  
hill.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER  
HUDSON.

You may doubt, but I heard the story  
Just as I tell it to you;  
And whatever you think of the setting,  
I believe the substance true.

The great North Seaboard Province,  
From Fundy to Chaleurs,  
Is a country of many waters  
And sombre hills of fir,

Where the moose still treads his snow-yard,  
Breaking his paths to browse,  
Where the caribou rove the barrens,  
And the bear and the beaver house;

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

Where Killoolect sings from the ridge-pole  
All through the night and the rain,  
When the great blue Northern Summer  
Comes back to the wilds again.

In that land of many rivers,  
Bogan and lake and stream,  
You may follow the trail in the water  
With the paddle's bend and gleam,

Where the canoe, like a shadow  
Among the shadows, slips  
Under the quiet alders  
And over the babbling rips;

You may go for a week together,  
Reading footmark and trace  
Of the wild shy woodland creatures,  
Ere you meet a human face.



---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

There where the Loyalists came  
And the houses of men were few,  
Little was all their wealth  
And great were the hardships they knew;

But greater the hardy faith  
They kept unflinching and fine,  
And chose to be naught in the world  
For the pride of a loyal line.

And there came Father Hudson,  
As I've heard my father tell,  
To serve the wilderness missions,  
With sound of a Sunday bell.

Sober he was and a toiler,  
Cared not for ease nor place;  
They speak of his humour, too,  
And the long droll shaven face.

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

Labour he did, and spared not,  
In that vineyard wild and rough,  
And often was sore with travel,  
And often hungry enough,

Doubt not, as he carried the word  
By portage and stream and trail,  
That still in the mind of his people  
The fire of truth should prevail.

And once was a church to build,  
Little, lonely, apart,  
Hardly more than a token  
In the forest's great green heart.

With his own hands he reared it,  
And often was wet to the hide,  
And often slept on the shavings  
Till the birds sang outside ;

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

Then up in the fragrant morning,  
And back to hammer and saw,  
Building into the timbers  
Love and devotion and awe.

So the fair summer went by,  
And the church was finished at last;  
But Father Hudson was called  
To a country still more vast.

In the land of the creaking snowshoe  
And the single track in the snow,  
There's many a thing of wonder  
No man will ever know.

It happened about the feast  
Of the blessed Nativity,  
When the snow lay heavy and silent  
On every bending tree.

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

When the great north lights were stalking  
Through the purple solitude,  
Father Hudson's successor  
Passed by the church in the wood.

And it came to his mind to ponder  
What the requital may be  
Of toil that is done in the body,  
When the soul is at last set free;

And whether the flame of fervour  
That is quenched in service here,  
Survives through self-surrender  
To illumine another sphere.

Then he saw the place all lighted,  
Though it was not the hour of prayer,  
And the strains of a triumphing organ  
Came to him on the air.

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

In amazement he turned aside,  
Who could the player be?  
And who had lighted the lights?  
The door still fast, the key

On its nail in the little porch!  
He turned, put one foot on the sill,  
Unlocked, opened, and entered.  
The church was dark and still!

The white-robed spruces around it  
Stood still with never a word;  
The sifting snow at the window  
Was all the good man heard.

Verily, Father Hudson,  
Strong was thy sturdy creed,  
But stronger and more enduring  
The humble and holy deed,

---

THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON

---

Which so could enthrall the senses  
And lend the spirit sight  
To behold the glory of labour  
And love's availing might.

O brave are the single-hearted  
Who deal with this life, and dare  
To live by the inward vision, —  
In the soul's native air.

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S.

Once at St. Kavin's door  
I rested. No sign more  
Of discontent escaped me from that day.  
For there I overheard  
A Brother of the Word  
Expound the grace of poverty, and say:

Thank God for poverty  
That makes and keeps us free,  
That lets us go our unobtrusive way,  
Glad of the sun and rain,  
Upright, serene, humane,  
Contented with the fortune of a day.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Light-hearted as a bird,  
I will obey the word  
That bade the earth take form, the sea subside, —  
That bids the wild wings go  
Each year from line to snow,  
When Spring unfurls her old green flag for  
guide, —

That bids the fleeting hosts  
Along the shelving coasts  
Once more adventure far by sound and stream, —  
Bids everything alive  
Awaken and revive, —  
Resume the unperished glory and the dream.

I too, with fear put by,  
Confront my destiny,  
With not a wish but to arise and go,  
Where heauty still may lead  
From creed to larger creed,  
Thanking my Maker that he made me so.



---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

For I would shun no task  
That kindness may ask,  
Nor flinch at any duty to my kind;  
Praying but to be freed  
From ignorance and greed,  
Grey fear and dull despondency of mind.

So I would readjust  
The logic of the dust,  
The servile hope that puts its trust in things.  
Ephemera of earth,  
Of more than fleeting worth,  
Are we, endowed with rapture as with wings.

(Type of the soul of man,  
The slight yet stable plan!  
Those creatures perishable as the dew,  
How buoyantly they ride  
The vast and perilous tide,  
Free as the air their courses to pursue!)

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

And I would keep my soul  
Joyous and sane and whole,  
Unshamed by falsehood and unvexed by strife,  
Unalien in that clear  
And radiant atmosphere  
That still surrounds us with a larger life,

When we have laid aside  
Our truculence and pride,  
Craven self-seeking, turbulent self-will,  
Resolved this very day  
No longer to obey  
The tyrant Mammon who begods us still.

All selfish gain at best  
Brings but profound unrest  
And inward loss, despite our loud professions.  
Think therefore what it is,  
What surety of bliss,  
To be absolved from burdensome possessions!

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Shall God, who doth provide  
The majesty and pride  
And beauty of this earth so lavishly,  
Deny them to the poor  
And lowly and obscure?  
Nay, they are given to all justly and free.

And if I share my crust,  
As common manhood must,  
With one whose need is greater than my own,  
Shall I not also give  
His soul, that it may live,  
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

And so, if I have wrought,  
Amassed or conceived aught  
Of beauty or intelligence or power,  
It is not mine to hoard;  
It stands there to afford  
Its generous service simply as a flower.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

How soon, my friends, how soon  
We should obtain the boon  
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,  
If only we would give  
Our spirit room to live, —  
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves;

If only we would dare  
Espouse the good and fair  
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives;  
And without compromise  
Or favour in men's eyes  
Live by the truth each one of us believes!

Bow not to vested wrong  
That we have served too long,  
Pawning our birthright for a tinsel star!  
Shall the soul take upon her  
Time-service and mouth-honour?  
Behold the fir-trees, how unswerved they are!

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Native to sun and storm,  
They cringe not nor conform,  
Save to the gentle law their sound heart knows;  
Each day enough for them  
To rise, cone, branch, and stem,  
A leaf-breadth higher in their tall repose.

Ah, what a travesty  
Of man's ascent, were I  
To bear myself less royally than they,  
After the ages spent  
In spirit's betterment,  
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

For surely I have grown  
Within a cleft of stone,  
With spray of mountain torrents in my face.  
Slow soaring ring by ring  
On moveless tiled wing,  
I have seen earth below me sink through space.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

I too in polar night  
Have hungered, gaunt and white,  
Alone amid the awful silences;  
And fled on gaudy fin,  
When the blue tides came in,  
Through coral gardens under tropic seas.

And wheresoe'er I strove,  
The greater law was love,  
A faith too fine to falter or mistrust;  
There was no wanton greed,  
Depravity of breed,  
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust.

Nay, not till I was man,  
Learned I 'to scheme and plan  
The blackest depredation on my kind,  
Converting to my gain  
My fellow's need and pain,  
In chartered pillage ruthless and refined.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Therefore, my friends, I say,  
Back to the fair sweet way  
Our mother Nature taught us long ago, —  
The large primeval mood,  
Leisure and amplitude,  
The dignity of patience strong and slow.

Let us go in once more,  
By some blue mountain door,  
And hold communion with the forest leaves,  
Where long ago we trod  
The Ghost House of the God,  
Through orange dawns and amethystine eyes.

There bright-robed choristers  
Make music in the firs,  
Rejoicing in their service all day long;  
And there the whole night through,  
Along the dark: still blue,  
What glorying hosts with starry tapers throng!

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

There in some deep ravine  
Whose walls are living green,  
A sanctuary spacious, cool, and dim,  
At earth-refreshing morn,  
The pure white clouds are born, —  
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

No slighted task is there,  
But equal craft and care  
And love in irresistible accord,  
The test and sign of art,  
Bestowed through every part;  
No thought of recognition or reward.

In that diviner air  
We shall grow wise and fair,  
Not frayed by hurry nor distraught by noise, —  
Learn once again to be  
Noble, courageous, free, —  
Regain our primal ecstasy and poise.



---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Calm in the deep control  
Of firmamental soul,  
Let us abide unfretful and secure,  
Knowledge and reason bent  
To further soul's intent, —  
Her veiled dim purposes remote yet sure.

For soul has led us now,  
Science unravels how,  
Through cell and tissue up from dust to man;  
And will lead by and by,  
No logic tells us why,  
To fill her purport in the ampler plan.

Ah, trust the soul, my friends,  
To seek her own great ends  
Revealed not in the fashion of the hour!  
For she outlives intact  
The insufficient act,  
Herself the source and channel of all power.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

The soul survives, unmarred,  
The mind care-worn and scarred,  
That still is anxious over little things,  
To come unto her own,  
Through benefits unknown  
And the green beauty of a thousand springs.

From infinite resource  
She holds her gleaming course  
Through toil, distraction, hindrance, and dismay,  
Till some high destiny,  
Accomplished by and by,  
Reveals the splendid hope that was her stay.

Therefore should every hour  
Replenish her with power  
Of joy and love and freedom and fresh truth,  
That we even in age  
May share her heritage  
Of ancient wisdom with the heart of youth.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Lore of the worldly wise  
Is folly in her eyes.  
All-energy, all-knowledge, and all-love,  
Aware of deeps below  
This pageant that we know,  
Hers is the very faith accounted of  
By Him who rose and bade  
His friends be not afraid,  
When peril rocked their fishing-boat at sea, —  
Who bade the sick not fear,  
The sad be of good cheer,  
And in the hour they were made whole and free.  
The sceptic sees but part  
Of Nature's mighty heart.  
A wide berth would I give that dangerous  
shoal —  
Steer for the open sea,  
No sight of land, but free.  
Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Let me each day anew  
My outward voyage pursue  
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands.  
Till through the breaking gloom  
Some evening they shall loom,  
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

Ah, that day I shall know  
How the shy wood-flowers grow  
In the deep forest, turning to the light;  
Untrammelled impulse still  
With glad obedient will  
The only guide out of ancestral night.

Oh, I shall comprehend  
Truth at my journey's end, —  
What being is, and what I strive to be, —  
What soul in heauty's guise  
Eludes our wistful eyes,  
Yet surely is akin to you and me.

---

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Therefore, towards that supreme  
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,  
That promise of our life from day to day,  
The grace of joyousness  
Abide with us to bless  
And help us forth along the Perfect Way!

The voice of the good priest  
In benediction ceased;  
The congregation like a murmur rose;  
And when I set my pack  
Once more upon my back,  
'Twas light as any thistle-down that blows.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST.  
KAVIN'S.

To the assembled folk  
At great St. Kavin's spoke  
Young Brother Amiel on Christmas eve;  
I give you joy, my friends,  
That as the round year ends,  
We meet once more for gladness by God's leave.

On other festal days  
For penitence or praise  
Or prayer we meet, or fulness of thanksgiving:  
To-night we calendar  
The rising of that star  
Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Ah, we disparage still  
The Tidings of Good Will,  
Discrediting Love's gospel now as then!  
And with the verbal creed  
Th God is love indeed,  
Who dares make Love his god before all men?

Shall we not, therefore, friends,  
Resolve to make amends  
To that glad inspiration of the heart;  
To grudge not, to cast out  
Selfishness, malice, doubt,  
Anger and fear; and for the better part,

To love so much, so well,  
The spirit cannot tell  
The range and sweep of her own boundary!  
There is no period  
Between the soul and God;  
Love is the tide, God the eternal sea.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Of old, men walked by fear;  
And if their God seemed near,  
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed, —  
A wraith of their own woes,  
Vain, cruel, and morose,  
With anger and vindictiveness endowed.

Of old, men walked by hate;  
The ruthless were the great;  
Their crumbling kingdoms stayed by might alone.  
Men saw vast empires die,  
Nor guessed the reason why, —  
The simple law of life as yet unknown

As love. Then came our Lord,  
Proclaiming the accord  
Of soul and nature in love's rule and sway,  
The lantern that he set  
To light us, shining yet  
Along the Perfect Path wherein we stray.



---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

To-day we walk by love;  
To strive is not enough,  
Save against greed and ignorance and might.  
We apprehend peace comes  
Not with the roll of drums,  
But in the still processions of the night.

And we perceive, not awe  
But love is the great law  
That binds the world together safe and whole.  
The splendid planets run  
Their courses in the sun;  
Love is the gravitation of the soul.

In the profound unknown,  
Illumined, fair, and lone,  
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.  
In the profound divine  
Each soul is set to shine,  
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

There is no near nor far,  
Where glorious Algebar  
Swings round his mighty circuit through the  
night,

Yet where without a sound  
The winged seed comes to ground,  
And the red leaf seems hardly to alight.

One force, one lore, one need  
For satellite and seed,  
In the serene benignity for all.  
Letting her time-glass run  
With star-dust, sun by sun,  
In Nature's thought there is no great nor small.

There is no far nor near  
Within the spirit's sphere.  
The summer sunset's scarlet-yellow wings  
Are tinged with the same dye  
That paints the tulip's ply.  
And what is colour but the soul of things?

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

(The earth was without form;  
God moulded it with storm,  
Ice, flood, and tempest, gleaming tint and hue;  
Lest it should come to ill  
For lack of spirit still,  
He gave it colour, — let the love shine through.)

My joy of yesterday  
Is just as far away  
As the first rapture of my man's estate.  
A lifetime or an hour  
Has all there is of power.  
In Nature's love there is no small nor great.

Of old, men said, "Sin not;  
By every line and jot  
Ye shall abide; man's heart is false and vile."  
Christ said, "By Love alone  
In man's heart is God known;  
Obey the word no falsehood can defile."

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

The wise physician there  
Of our distress had care,  
And laid his finger on the pulse of time.  
And there to eyes unsealed  
Earth's secret lay revealed,  
The truth that knows not any age nor clime.

The heart of the ancient wood  
Was a grim solitude,  
The sanction of a worship no less grim;  
Man's ignorance and fear  
Peopled the natural year  
With forces evil and malign to him.

He saw the wild, rough way  
Of cosmic powers at play;  
He did not see the love that lay below.  
Jehovah, Mars, and Thor,  
These were the gods of war  
He made in his own likeness long ago.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Then came the Word, and said,  
"See how the world is made, —  
With how much loving kindness, ceaseless care.  
Not Wrath, but Love, call then  
The Lord of beasts and men,  
Whose hand sustains the sparrows in the air."

And since that day we prove  
Only how great is love,  
Nor to this hour its greatness half believe.  
For to what other power  
Will life give equal dower,  
Or chaos grant one moment of reprieve!

Look down the ages' line,  
Where slowly the divine  
Evinces energy, puts forth control;  
See mighty love alone  
Transmuting stock and stone,  
Infusing being, helping sense and soul.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

And what is energy,  
In-working, which bids be  
The starry pageant and the life of earth?  
What is the genesis  
Of every joy and bliss,  
Each action dared, each beauty brought to birth?

What hangs the sun on high?  
What swells the growing rye?  
What bids the loons cry on the Northern lake?  
What stirs in swamp and swale,  
When April winds prevail,  
And all the dwellers of the ground awake?

What lurks in the dry seed,  
But waiting to be freed,  
Asleep and patient for a hundred years?  
Till of earth, rain, and sun,  
A miracle is done,  
Some magic calls the sleeper and he hears, —

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Arouses, puts forth blade  
And leaf and bud, arrayed  
Some morning in that garb of rosy snow,  
The same fair matchless flower  
As shed its petal-shower  
Through old Iberian gardens long ago.

What is it that endures,  
Survives, persists, inmures  
Life's very self, preserving type and plan? —  
Yet learns the scope of change,  
As the long cycles range, —  
Looks through the eyes of bluebird, wolf, and  
man?

What lurks in the deep gaze  
Of the old wolf? Amaze,  
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.  
But deeper than all these  
Love muses, yearns, and sees,  
And is the self that does not change nor veer.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Not love of self alone,  
Struggle for lair and bone,  
But self-denying love of mate and young,  
Love that is kind and wise,  
Knows trust and sacrifice,  
And croons the old dark universal tongue.

In Nature you behold  
But strivings manifold,  
Battle and conflict, trihe warring against trihe?  
Look deeper, and see all  
That death cannot appal,  
Failure intimidate, nor fortune bribe.

Our brothers of the air  
Who come with June must dare,  
Be bold and strong, have knowledge, lust, and  
choice;  
Yet think, when glad hosts throng  
The summer woods with song,  
Love gave them beauty and love lends them voice.



---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Love surely in some form  
Bade them brave night and storm, —  
Was the dark binnacle that held them true,  
Those tiny mariners  
No unknown voyage deters,  
When the old migrant longing stirs anew.

And who has understood  
Our brothers of the wood,  
Save he who put off guile and every guise  
Of violence, — made truce  
With panther, bear, and moose,  
As beings like ourselves whom love makes wise?

For they, too, do love's will,  
Our lesser clansmen still;  
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;  
Courageous, glad, and hale,  
They go forth on the trail,  
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Oh, not fortuitous chance  
Alone, nor circumstance,  
Begot the creatures after their own kind;  
But always loving will  
Was present to fulfil  
The primal purpose groping up to mind.

Adversity but bade  
New puissance spring to aid,  
New powers develop, new aptness come in play;  
Yet never function wrought  
Capacity from nought, —  
Gave skill and mastery to the shapes of clay;

For always while new need  
Evoked new thought through deed,  
Old self was there to ponder, choose, and strive.  
Fortune might mould, evolve,  
But impulse must resolve,  
Equipped at length to know, rejoice, and thrive.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

And evermore must Love  
Hearten, foresee, approve,  
And look upon the work and find it good;  
Else would all effort fail, —  
The very stars avail  
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.

Take love out of the world  
One day, and we are hurled  
Back into night, to perish in the void.  
Love is the very girth  
And cincture of this earth,  
No stitch to be unloosed, no link destroyed.

However wild and long  
The battle of the strong,  
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace,  
When gladness has its way  
Under the fair blue day,  
And life aspires, takes thought, bids good increase.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

So dawns the awaited hour  
When the great cosmic power  
Of love was first declared by Christ; so too  
To-day we keep in mind  
His name who taught mankind  
That open secret old, yet ever new, —

Commemorate his birth  
Who loved the kindly earth,  
Was gentle, strong, compassionate, humane,  
And tolerant and wise  
And glad, — the very guise  
And height of manhood not to lose again.

Shall we not then forego  
Lavish perfunctory show,  
The burdensome display, the empty gift,  
That we may have to give  
To every soul alive  
Of love's illumination, cheer, and lift?

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

See rich and poor be fed!  
Break up thy soul for bread,  
Be loaves and fishes to the hungry heart,  
That a great multitude,  
Receiving of thy good,  
May bless the God within thee and depart!

You workman, love your work  
Or leave it. Let no irk  
Unsteady the laborious hand, that still  
Must give the spirit play  
To follow her own way  
To beauty, through devotion, care, and skill.

How otherwise find vent  
For soul's imperious bent,  
Than thro' these hands for wonder-working made,  
When Love the sure and bold  
Guides to the unforetold?  
Blessed the craftsman who is unafraid!

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Give Beauty her sweet will,  
Make love your mistress still,  
You lovers, nor delay! God's time be yours.  
Make low-born jealousy  
And doubt ashamed to be,  
And cast old envious gossip out-of-doors.

Believe the truth of love,  
Enact the beauty of love,  
Praise and adore the goodliness of love.  
For we are wise by love,  
And strong and fair through love,  
No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Remember the new word  
The Syrian twilight heard,  
That marvellous discourse which John records,  
The one last great command  
The Master left his band,  
"Love one another!" And our time affords

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

What greater scope than just  
To execute that trust?  
Love greatly; love; love is life's best employ.  
Neighbour, sweetheart, or friend,  
Love wholly, to love's end;  
So is the round world richer for your joy.

Love only, one or all!  
Measure no great and small!  
Love is a seed, life-bearing, undecayed;  
And that immortal germ  
Past bounds of zone and term  
Will grow and cover the whole world with shade.

Sow love, it cannot fail;  
Adversity's sharp hail  
May cut all else to ground; fair love survives.  
The black frost of despair  
And slander's bitter air, —  
Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

---

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

---

Be body, mind and soul,  
Subject to love's control,  
Each loving to the limit of love's power;  
And all as one, not three,  
So is man's trinity  
Enhanced and freed and gladdened hour by hour.

Beauty from youth to age,  
The body's heritage,  
Love will not forfeit by neglect nor shame;  
And knowledge, dearly bought,  
Love will account as nought,  
Unless it serve soul's need and body's claim.

Let soul desire, mind ask,  
And body crave; our task  
Be to fulfil each want in love's own way.  
So shall the good and true  
Partake of beauty too,  
And life be helped and greatedened day by day.



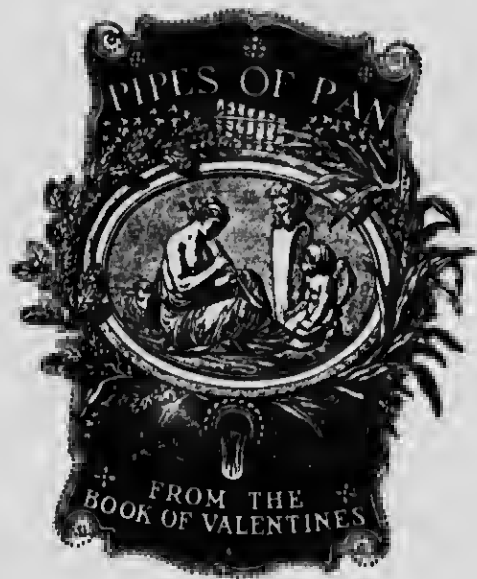
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Spend love, and save it not;  
In act, in wish, in thought,  
Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.  
Let not the heart grow dry,  
As the good hours go by;  
Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.

Open the door to-night  
Within your heart, and light  
The lantern of love there to shine afar.  
On a tumultuous sea  
Some straining craft, maybe,  
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star.

THE END.





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## BALLAD OF THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS.

In a Kingdom long ago, as the story comes to me,  
There lived a sturdy folk by the borders of the  
sea;

The snow-tipped mountains behind them guard-  
ing the East and the North,  
While pen to Southward and Westward, were  
the sea-gates hiding them forth.

Launching their boats through the breakers,  
casting their nets in the tide,  
The sea had given them daring, strength and  
endurance and pride;  
Watching their sheep with the eagles on many a  
lonely hill,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

The stars had given them knowledge and insight  
and ghostly skill;  
For wisdom comes to the waiting as water comes  
to a mill,  
From unsluiced sources of silence where the chat-  
ter of life grows still.

I.

Over this sturdy people there ruled without  
favour or greed  
A man with the arm and heart of the olden  
kingly breed.  
There was never a sport nor contest, there was  
never a horse to tame,  
But the King would meet all comers, and was  
ever first in the game.  
A speaker of truth to all men, he carried his will  
with a word;  
And Justice dwelt in his borders, nor ever un-  
sheathed her sword.



---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Likable, open and reckless, he neither bullied nor  
feared,  
When over the rim of his empire threatening  
danger appeared,  
But in the face of his council laughed in his  
yellow beard.

Yet his light-heart ways were a scandal to the  
seemly and the sage,  
He would turn from the weightiest business to  
rally a love-sick page,  
Twitting him for a laggard, making him blush  
with a jest,  
Shaming him for a waster by the good wine  
spilt on his vest.

Never a band of minstrels passed, but he bade  
them in,  
Haling the lads by the shoulder, taking the maids  
by the chin;

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Till the courtyard gleamed with motley, and the  
palace rang with din.

Courtiers lived on his bounty, lights-of-love  
supped at his board.

Merry the time he gave them, priceless the wine  
he poured,

Lavish of all his substance for the gay and care-  
less horde;

'Till long lips groaning abhorrence had evil things  
to foretell.

But always the children loved him, and the  
women — passing well.

II.

So time wore on, and the King awoke one day  
with a start,

To hear a strange new whisper of discontent in  
his heart.

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Pleasure he had in plenty, health, and companions, and power;

Yet what is all this life but a void and empty hour?

Fair was the golden morning with April over the hill.

He strolled to the gate of the palace and stood there grave and still,

Watching the mountain shadows, then shut his teeth on his will.

"Bring me a horse," he ordered. They saddled his favourite bay;

And down through the watered valley the young King rode away;

Down through the flowery orchards, where the river babbles and shines,

Past ford and smithy and farm, and up where the narrowing lines

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Of tillage and pasture vanish in the dusk of the  
purple pines.

How speculation and rumour fluttered his folk  
that day!

"Who can fathom his fancies? Mad as a hare!"  
said they.

In a cleft of the solemn mountains, like a thought  
in earth's green heart,

Stood a hospice of recluse men, quiet, secluded,  
apart,

Having forgotten the world and left distraction  
behind,

For care of the troublous want and hunger of the  
mind.

There as the night was falling, the King on his  
red mare came,

And they have welcomed the stranger, asking not  
station nor name.

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Who bides at the house of God needs neither  
money nor fame.

Never an eyelid flickered, never a word betrayed  
They knew the habit and bearing accustomed to  
be obeyed;  
But after the rule of their order, equal in every-  
thing,  
With kingly love for a brother the brothers served  
their King.

They gave him his seat at table, cell and habit  
and stall.  
The scanty fare and the hours of prayer, meekly  
he took them all;  
Nor ever they found him wanting in duties great  
or small.  
Lowly he sat before them and many a lecture  
heard,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Questioned and reasoned and listened, argued,  
proved and conferred,  
And by many a lonely candle pondered the printed  
word.

Daily the power of knowledge grew and spread  
in his face;  
Daily the look of the scholar glowed with a finer  
trace;  
Daily the tan-flush faded and ever he grew in  
grace,  
As understanding within him climbed to her law-  
ful place.

So from the man of sinew they made a student  
at last,  
Thoughtful and grave as he had been brave; till,  
lo, three years had passed,  
And the young King yawned one day, stretching  
himself in the sun,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

And murmured: "Now let's see what their book-learning has done!

The arms grow feeble, alack! The foot and eye grow slow;

Let's put their lore to the test. Good friends, this day I go."

So said, so done. Mused the Brothers, watching him down the hill:

"Feeble must be our virtue, if this hope comes to ill."

They saw him lost in dust; and the sundown's dying rose

Kindled their lofty hill-crest in its eternal snows.

III.

Now well the Kingdom prospered while the young King was away,

For wise were the heads of his council, leaders of men in their day,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Stubborn at fronting clamour, strong to govern  
and sway,  
Of tested honour and flawless tried in the world's  
assay.

Yet there was joy at his coming, throngs that  
laughed with delight,  
Cheers as he passed and waving, children held in  
his sight,  
Flags hung out at the windows, and bonfires lit  
in the night.

Comrades met on the corner, cronies talked in  
the door,  
"The merry times are returning; we shall have  
revels once more."

But they reckoned without their host, if they  
thought the glorious days  
Of the King's wild youth had returned with their  
drinking and masques and plays.



---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Sober he sat at council, wisely he judged and  
decreed,  
Till the frivolous gaped and muttered: "A  
paragon indeed!"

Tireless, toiling and thoughtful, steadfast, kingly  
and tall,  
But lonely he lived, unloving, blameless before  
them all,  
With never a rose in his bower nor a bosom-  
friend in his hall.

And ever his brow grew whiter, his eye more  
hungry bright,  
For the blessing of peace escaped him, though he  
toiled by day and night.  
By lamplight and daylight he laboured, till his  
visage grew lean and grim,  
While his people saw and wondered, and their  
hearts went out to him.

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

So he strove for a year or more, and never was  
seen to fail

In the least or the greatest matter where dili-  
gence might avail.

Yet ever he grew more restless, and ever his  
cheek more pale.

IV.

Now it chanced on another morning like that  
when he rode away,

The King must come to his seahoard, where a  
foreign galleon lay,

Black hull and gleaming canvas, with her decks  
in trim array;

Long and graceful and speedy as a flying fish  
was she,

Showing the scarlet pennon of the gypsies of the  
sea.

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

There in a dream he stood; watching the surf  
and the sand;

Then all of a sudden he laughed, as the rowers  
rowed to land.

"God of my fathers," he cried. "What manner  
of fool am I?"

A landsman all my life, a sea-king will I die."

Needs must they humour him then, whispering,  
"Mad once more!"

As they heard him speak to the sailors, and saw  
him rowed from the shore.

Small room to parley or caution, and smaller use  
to deplore;

When a strong man comes to his stronghold, fate  
must yield him the door.

Lightly he stood in the boat, when the bending  
rowers rowed;

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

And the wind and the tide and the sun freshened  
and sparkled and glowed.

There lay the sea before him fair as an open road.

Last they saw of the King was at the helmsman's  
side,

Gay in the light of adventure, while the vessel  
swung on the tide.

With a song they hove her anchor; the sails  
drew taut and free;

And she heeled to the wind and lessened on the  
long blue slope of the sea.

v.

The sun came up, the sun went down, the tide  
drew out and in,

But never a word that seaport heard from for-  
eigner or kin,

Rower, merchant, or sailorman, or the gypsies of  
the sea,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Whither their prince had vanished, or what his  
fate might be;

Till a thousand suns had circled, and twice a  
thousand tides

Had swung the swaying harbour buoys and  
brimmed through the channel guides.

Then through a winter twilight when the sun  
was a disk of red,

The keen-eyed watcher beheld, as he gazed from  
the harbour-head,

A moving speck like a seahawk crossing that targe  
of flame;

And beating up from the sea-rim the gypsy  
galleon came.

And why is she decked with pennons, and  
trimmed with cloth of gold?

And what are these scarlet trappings the harbour  
folk behold?

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

What means her glory of banners fluttering on  
the breeze,

Brave as the coloured autumn that is the pride  
of the trees?

Has she rifled a sea-king's treasure and plundered  
the isles of the seas?

Slowly she passed the entry, the white sails low-  
ered and furled,

And there was our long-lost truant from the  
other side of the world.

On the deck he stood, the figure of a man to  
make men bold,

A browed and hardy master, as debonair as of  
old,

The strength of his hands as aforetime, the  
scholar's light on his brow,

But something passing knowledge in his look and  
bearing now,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

The calm of a radiant purpose, the joy of unerring quest,

The poise of perfected being when the soul attains her best.

He had ruled with power and pleasure, he had searched and found out lore;

And now his unfainting spirit had discovered the one thing more.

But the curious eye forsook him to greet with amazed regard

Another who stood at the taffrail by the sheet of the great main-yard;

Fine as a mast in stature, eager, unflinching, and free,

With hair like the sun's raw gold and eyes like crumbs of the sea;

Straight-browed -- the imperial bearing of one who is born to sway,

---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

Deep-bosomed with all the ardour that kindles  
our wondrous clay;

Regent of glad dominions, a sea-trove out of the  
vast

Wide welter of life. "A hostage fit for our king  
at last!"

Threefold is the search for perfection that leads  
through creation's plan —

Through immemorial nature and the restless  
heart of man;

Beauty of shape and colour to gladden and profit  
the eye,

Truth beyond cavil or question to answer the  
reason why,

And the blameless spirit's portion — the joy that  
shall not die.

The dauntless soul must wander to accomplish  
and attain



---

THE YOUNG KING'S MADNESS

---

This balance of all her powers by the lead of  
love, or remain  
A stranger to peace forever in sorrow, defeat, and  
pain.

Flushed with the cheers of welcome, lightly the  
king, all pride,  
Handed the girl, all beauty, over the vessel's side.  
Then in a lull of their salvos, to the wondering  
crowd that rings  
The pierhead, eager to question, "Our queen,"  
said the sanest of kings.

## ACROSS THE COURTYARD.

That is the window over there  
With the closed shutters and the air  
Of a deserted place, like those  
Abandoned homesteads whose repose  
Haunts us with mystery. Inside  
Who knows what tragedy may hide?

This window has been sealed up so  
A fortnight now. A month ago  
Just about dusk you should have seen  
The vision I saw smile and lean  
From that same window. Spring's return,  
When daffodils and jonquils burn  
Under the azure April day,  
Is not more lovely nor more gay.

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

The world — at least, our artist world  
Where tubes are pinched and brushes twirled  
In the long task to reproduce  
God's masterpieces for man's use —  
Knows Jacynth for the loveliest  
Of all its models and the best.  
Why, half the portraits in the town,  
From Mrs. Bigwig, Jr.'s down,  
Have that same perfect taper hand.  
(If you have wit to understand  
A woman's vanity, you know  
Why they should wish to have it so),  
Those same long fingers smooth and round,  
Faultless as petals, and not found  
Twice in a generation. Well,  
They're Jacynth's. But you need not tell  
The trick. In this world art must live  
On what the world's caprice will give.

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

Delightful folly! But far more  
Delightful beauty we adore  
And follow humbly day by day,  
Her difficult, enchanted way.  
(Dear beauty, still beyond the reach  
Of paint, or music, or of speech!)  
We toil and triumph and despair,  
Then on a morn look up, and there  
Some girl goes by, or there's a dash  
Of colour on the clouds — a flash  
Of inspiration caught between  
Chinks in the workshop's grey routine.  
One hint of glory through the murk,  
And God has criticized our work.

So we plod on, and so one day  
It happened toward the end of May,  
When the long twilight comes, and when  
Our northern orchards bloom again —  
Even our poor old courtyard tree,

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

Knowing the time that bids him be  
One of the hosts that leaf and sing  
In the revival of the spring,  
Dons his green robe of joy. You know  
How idle, then, a man will grow.  
I had been sitting lost in thought  
Of how our best dreams come to naught,  
And we are left mere daubers still  
For want of knowledge, lack of skill —  
So many of us are, I mean!  
The door was open, and the screen  
And curtains turned back everywhere  
For the first breath of summer air,  
That came in like a wanderer  
From far untroubled lands, to stir  
The prints along the wall, and bring  
Our dreams of greatness back with spring.

Suddenly, I looked up, aware  
Before I looked, of some one there —

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

You know how. In the doorway stood  
A tall girl dressed in black. How good  
A scrap of actual beauty is,  
After our unrealities!  
The copper-coloured hair; the glint  
Of tea-rose in her throat's warm tint;  
The magic and surprise that go  
With level blue-grey eyes; the slow  
Luxurious charm of poise and line,  
Half-Oriental, half-divine,  
And altogether human. Oh,  
One must have known her then, to know  
How faultless beauty still transcends  
The bound where faultless painting ends.  
But you may gather here and there  
Faint glimpses and reports of her  
In the best work of all the men  
Who painted her as she was then,  
Splendid and wonderful. To me,  
For colour and for symmetry,

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

In her young glory there she seemed  
The flame-like one of whom they dreamed  
Who worshipped beauty in old days  
With singleness of joy and praise;  
Some great Astarte come to bless  
This old world with new loveliness;  
My own ideal come to life,  
After the failure and the strife,  
To prove I dreamed not all in vain  
In poverty beside the Seine.

There came a sudden leap at heart  
That made my pulses stop and start,  
The surge and flood of sense that sweep  
Over our nature's hidden deep,  
When we look up and recognize  
Our vision in an earthly guise.  
Then reason must resign control  
To the indubitable soul,

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

Put off despair, arise and dance  
To the joy-music of romance.

For one great year she posed for me;  
Came in and out familiarly,  
And made the studio her home  
Almost — not quite; for always some —  
What shall I say? — reserve or pride,  
Mysterious and aloof, belied  
By the soft loving languorous mien,  
Invested her, enthroned serene  
Above importunings. Who knows,  
If she had chosen as I chose —  
Flung heart and head and hand away  
On the great venture of a day,  
Poured love and passion and romance  
In the frail mould of circumstance —  
Had she but dared be one of two,  
We might have made the world anew!  
However much it might have cost,



---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

Who knows what good may have been lost,  
What passing great reward?

One day

When work was done she turned to say  
Her soft good night, and tripped down-stair  
With rustling skirts and her fine air  
Of breeziness, humming a catch  
From some street-song. I heard the latch  
Click after her, and she was gone.  
Next day I waited. It wore on  
To afternoon, and still no sign  
Of peril near this dream of mine.  
A year went by, and not a word  
Of the lost Jacynth could be heard.

May came again; the wind once more  
Was blowing by the open door,  
And I saw something over there  
Across the yard that made me stare.

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

Strangers had recently arrived  
On that third floor, and Fate contrived  
One of her small dramatic scenes  
Which make us wonder what life means,  
And whether it is all a play  
For our diversion by the way.  
There at the window I caught sight  
Of a girl's figure. The crisp white  
Of the fresh gown passed and repassed,  
Strangely familiar, till at last,  
"Jacynth, of course! Who else?" I cried.  
And on the instant she espied  
Me watching her; quick as a flash  
And smiling, ran, threw up the sash  
To lean far out. "How do you do,  
My friend?" "Why, Jacynth, how are you,  
After this long, long time?" I said.  
"Thank you, quite well." Her pretty head  
Was tilted up, in every line  
An old medallion rare and fine.

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

"Yes, it's a long time, isn't it,  
Since that first day I came to sit  
For your great Lilith? Tell me how  
They hung it at the Fair. And now  
That we are neighbours once again,  
Do come to see me." It was plain  
From the unwonted vanity  
Of tone, as she ran on to me,  
Some strange ambition, plan, or hope  
Had come to give her pride new scope.  
Somehow she had acquired the chill  
Of worldliness; I missed the thrill  
Of eager radiance she had  
When we were comrades free and glad.  
Some volatile and subtle trace  
Of soul had vanished from her face,  
Leaving the brilliancy that springs  
From polished and enamelled things.  
The beauty of the lamp still shone  
With lustre, but the flame was gone.

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

There was so evident in her  
The smug complacent character  
Of prosperous security,  
That when, with just a flick at me,  
She added, gaily as before,  
"It isn't Jacynth any more,  
It's Mrs." — some one — here was I,  
Too much astonished to reply,  
Before she vanished. From that day  
The rest is blank, think what you may.  
There is her window, as you see,  
Closed on a teasing mystery.

I think, as I recall her here,  
How much life means beyond the mere  
Safety, convenience, and the pose  
Respectability bestows;  
The beauty of the questing soul  
In every face, beyond control  
Is dimmed by wearing any mask

---

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

---

That dull conformity may ask.  
How almost no one understands  
The unworldliness that art demands!  
How few have courage to retain  
Through years of doubtful stress and strain  
The resolute and lonely will  
To follow beauty, to fulfil  
The dreams of their prophetic youth  
And pay the utmost price of truth!  
How few have nerve enough to keep  
The trail, and thread the dark and steep  
By the lone lightning-flash that falls  
Through sullen murky intervals!  
How many faint of heart must choose  
The steady lantern for their use,  
And never, without fear of Fate,  
Be daring, generous and great!

Where is she now? What sudden change  
Clouded our day-dream? Love is strange!

## A NEIGHBOUR'S CREED.

*"Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent."*

### I.

All day the weary crowds move on  
Through the grey city's stifling heat,  
With anxious air, with jaded mien,  
To strife, to labour, to defeat.

But I possess my soul in calm,  
Because I know, unvexed by noise,  
Somewhere across the city's hum  
Your splendid spirit keeps its poise.

---

A NEIGHBOUR'S CREED

---

II.

Because I see you bright and brave,  
I say to my despondent heart,  
"Up, loiterer! Put off this guise  
Of gloom, and play the sturdier part!"

Three things are given man to do:  
To dare, to labour, and to grow.  
Not otherwise from earth we came,  
Nor otherwise our way we go.

Three things are given man to be:  
Cheerful, undoubting, and humane,  
Surviving through the direst fray,  
Preserving the untarnished strain.

Three things are given man to know:  
Beauty and truth and honour. These  
Are the nine virtues of the soul,  
Her mystic powers and ecstasies.

---

A NEIGHBOUR'S CREED

---

And when I see you bravely tread  
That difficult and doubtful way,  
"Up, waverer; wilt thou forsake  
Thy comrade?" to my soul I say.

Then bitterness and sullen fear,  
Mistrust and anger, are no more.  
That quick gay step is in the hall;  
That rallying voice is at the door.



TO ONE IN DESPAIR.

I.

O die not yet, great heart; but deign  
A little longer to endure  
This life of passionate fret and strain,  
Of slender hope and joy unsure!

Take Contemplation by the sleeve,  
And ask her, "Is it not worth while  
To teach my fellows not to grieve, —  
To lend them courage in a smile?"

"Is it so little to have made  
The timorous ashamed of fear, —  
The idle and the false afraid  
To front existence with a sneer?"

---

TO ONE IN DESPAIR

---

For those who live within your sway  
Know not a mortal fear, save one, —  
That some irreparable day  
They should awake, and find you gone.

II.

Live on, love on! Let reason swerve;  
But instinct knows her own great lore,  
Like some uncharted planet's curve  
That sweeps in sight, then is no more.

Live on, love on, without a qualm,  
Child of immortal charity,  
In the great certitude and calm  
Of joy free-born that shall not die.

III.

We dream ourselves inheritors  
Of some unknown and distant good,

---

TO ONE IN DESPAIR

---

That shall requite us for the faults  
Of our own lax ineptitude.

But soon and surely they may come,  
Whom love makes wise and courage free,  
Into their heritage of joy, —  
Their earth-day of eternity.

IV.

The thought that I could ever call  
Your name, and you would not be here,  
At moments sweeps my soul away  
In the relentless tide of fear;

Then from its awful ebb returns  
The sea of gladness strong and sure,  
By this I know that love is great;  
By this I know I shall endure.

---

TO ONE IN DESPAIR

---

v.

When I shall have lain down to sleep,  
I pray no sound to break my rest.  
No seraph's trumpet through the night  
Could touch my weary soul with zest.

But oh, beyond the reach of thought  
How I should waken and rejoice,  
To hear across the drift of time  
One golden echo of your voice!

## AT THE GREAT RELEASE.

When the black horses from the house of Dis  
Stop at my door and the dread charioteer  
Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go  
On the far solitary unknown way  
Where all the race of men fare and are lost,  
Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal leaves  
Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

Though a chill draught of fear may quell my soul  
And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp  
In the great gusty hall of some old king,  
Only one mordant unassuaged regret,  
One passionate eternal human grief,

---

AT THE GREAT RELEASE

---

Would wring my heart with bitterness and tears  
And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant days,  
Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,  
Nor sweet companions of the idle hour  
Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad sound  
Of children's voices playing in the dusk;  
All these I could forget and bid good-bye  
And pass to my oblivion nor repine.

Not the green woods that I so dearly love,  
Nor summer hills in their serenity,  
Nor the great sea mystic and musical,  
Nor drone of insects, nor the call of birds,  
Nor soft spring flowers, nor the wintry stars;  
To all the lovely earth that was my home  
Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

---

AT THE GREAT RELEASE

---

But not, oh, not to one strong little hand,  
To one droll mouth brimming with witty words,  
Nor ever to the unevasive eyes  
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the world  
With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!  
Ah, Destiny, against whose knees we kneel  
With prayer at evening, spare me this one woe!





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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5.6

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## MORNING AND EVENING.

When the morning wind comes up the mountain,  
Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley,  
And, before the paling stars have vanished,  
The first tawny thrush disturbs the twilight  
With his reed-pipe, eerie calm and golden —  
The earth-music marvellous and olden —

Then good fortune enters at my doorway,  
And my heart receives the guest called Gladness;  
For I know it is that day of summer  
When I shall behold your face ere nightfall,  
And this earth, as never yet in story,  
Ledge to hill-crest dyed in purple glory.

---

MORNING AND EVENING

---

When the evening breath draws down the valley,  
And the clove is full of dark blue shadows  
Moving on the mountain-wall, just silvered  
By the large moon lifted o'er the earth-rim,  
At the moment of transported being,  
When soul gathers what the eyes are seeing,

Sense is parted like a melted rain-mist.  
And our mortal spirits run together,  
Saying, "O incomparable comrade!"  
Saying, "O my lover, how good love is!"  
Then the twilight falls; the hill-wind hushes;  
Note by note once more the cool-voiced thrushes.

IN AN IRIS MEADOW.

Once I found you in an iris meadow  
Down between the seashore and the river,  
Playing on a golden willow whistle  
You had fashioned from a bough in springtime, —  
Piping such a wild melodious music,  
Full of sunshine, sadness and sweet longing,  
As the heart of earth must have invented,  
When the wind first breathed above her bosom,  
And above the sea-rim, silver-lighted,  
Pure and glad and innocent and tender,  
The first melting planets glowed in splendour.

There it was I loved you as a lover,  
Then it was I lost the world forever.

---

IN AN IRIS MEADOW

---

For your slender fingers on the notches  
Set free more than that mere earthly cadence,—  
Loosed the piercing stops of mortal passion,—  
Touched your wood-mate with the spell of  
wonder,

And the godhead in the man awakened.  
Virgin spirit with unsullied senses,  
There was earth for him all new-created,  
In a moment when the music's rapture  
Bade soul take what never thought could capture:

Just the sheer glad bliss of being human,  
Just the large content beyond all reason,  
Just the love of flowers, hills and rivers,  
Shadowy forests and lone lovely bird-songs  
When the morning brightens in the sea-wind;  
And beyond all these the fleeting vision  
Of the shining soul that dwelt within you,  
(Magic fragrance of the meadow blossom)  
All the dear fond madness of the lover.

---

IN AN IRIS MEADOW

---

These, all these the ancient wood-god taught me  
From the theme you piped and the wind brought  
me.

Was it strange that I should stop the playing?  
Was it strange that I should touch the blossom?  
Must (a man's way!) see whence came the music,  
Must with childish marvel count the petals?  
O but sweet were your uncounted kisses!  
Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings,  
When your great eyes swept me, then went sea-  
ward,  
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning,  
And the little head must seek this shoulder!  
Then we heard once more the wood-god's meas-  
ure,  
And strange gladness filled the world's great  
leisure.

A LETTER FROM LESBOS.

More beloved than ever yet was mortal!  
Oh, but doubt not, lover, I do love thee!  
When he wrote these words, bitter and lonely  
Was that tender heart in wintry Lesbos.  
Kindly gods but speed my journey thither,  
(How the wind burns from the scorching desert,  
Through the scarlet beds of scentless blossom!)  
And make fortunate that swift home-coming!  
For I fret in this Egyptian exile,  
Too long parted, sickening for the home-wind  
And the first white gleam of Mitylene.

Blessed words to brave the stormy sea-way!  
In this stifling city's sultry languor

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

I must now with joy and tears and longing,  
Now the hundredth time at least re-read them:

*It is the bitter season of the year;  
The mournful-piping sea-wind is abroad  
With driving snow and battle in the air,  
Shaking the stubborn roof-tree gust by gust;  
And under the frost-grey skies without a sun  
Cold desolation wraps the wintry world.*

*And I, my Gorgo, keep the fireside here,  
Chill-hearted, brooding, visited by doubt,  
Wondering how Demeter or wise Pan  
Will work the resurrection of the spring,  
Serene and punctual at the appointed time,  
With the warm sun, the swallows at the eaves,  
The slant of rain upon the purple hill,  
The flame-like crocus by the garden wall,  
The light, the hope, the gladness all returned  
With maidens singing the Adonis song!*



---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*But ah, more doubtful sad and full of fear  
There comes to me, disconsolate and lone,  
The thought of thee, my Gorgo, lovelier  
Than any premonition of the spring.*

*I seem to see that radiant smile once more,  
The heaven-blue eyes, the crocus-golden hair,  
The rose-pink beauty passionate and tall,  
Dear beyond words and daring with desire,  
For which thy lover would fling life away  
And traffic the last legacy of time.*

*Ah, Gorgo, too long absent, well I know  
The sun will shine again and spring come back  
Her ancient glorious golden-flowered way,  
And gladness visit the green earth once more,  
But where in all that wonder wilt thou be,  
The very soul and spirit of the spring?*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*If the high gods in that triumphant time  
Have calendared no day for thee to come  
Light-hearted to this doorway as of old,  
Unmoved I shall behold their pamps go by, —  
The painted seasons in their pageantry,  
The silvery processions of the moon,  
And all the infinite ardours unsabded,  
Pass with the wind replenishing the earth.*

*Incredulous forever I must live,  
And, once thy lover, without joy behold  
The gradual uncounted years go by,  
Sharing the bitterness of all things made.*

Ah, not thus! My hot tears sweet and tender,  
And the storm within this heaving bosom,  
Could he see, would tell him what the truth is, —  
How the heart of Gorgo breaks to reach him,  
And her arms are weak with empty waiting  
Through this long monotony of summer.

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

Gentle spirit, grieve not so, for love's sake!  
How he raves beyond the touch of reason:

*O heart of mine, be hardier for ills,  
Since thou hast shared the sorrows of the gods  
And been partaker of their destiny.  
Have I not known the bitterness that sighed  
In mournful grief upon the river marge,  
And once obscured the lonely shining sun,  
When Syrinx and when Daphne fled away?  
Not otherwise in sorrow did I fare  
Whom Gorgo, loveliest of mortals, loved,  
And whose own folly that same Gorgo lost.*

*O lovers, hear me! Be not lax in love,  
Nor let the loved one from you for a day.  
For time that is the enemy of love,  
And change that is the constant foe of man,  
But wait the turn of opportunity  
To fret the delicate fabric of our life*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*With doubt and slow forgetfulness and grief,  
Till he who was a lover once goes forth  
A friendless soul to front the joyless years,  
A brooding unaccompanied wanderer  
Beneath the silent and majestic stars.*

Now what folly waits on brooding passion!  
Truly not in solitude do mortals  
Reach the height and nobleness of heroes.  
Can it be so swiftly fades remembrance?  
Oh, my fond heart prompt him! This is better:

*The red flower of the fire is on the hearth,  
The white flower of the foam is on the sea.  
The golden marshes and the tawny dunes  
Are gleaming white with snow and flushed with  
rose*

*Where the pure level wintry sunlight falls.  
In the rose-garden, crimsoning each bough  
Against the purple boulders in the wall,*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*Shine the rose-berries careless of the cold,  
While down along the margin of the sea,  
Just where the grey beach melts to greener grey,  
With mounting wavering combing plunge and  
charge.*

*The towering breakers crumble in to shore.*

*Now from that quiet picture of the eye,  
Hark to the trampling thunder and long boom,  
The lone unscansioned and mysterious note  
Whose cadence marked the building of the world,  
The old reverberant music of the sea!*

*Ah, to what ghostly piping of strange flutes  
Strays in lost loveliness Persephone,  
Heavy at heart, with trouble in her eyes,  
From her deep-bosomed mother far away,  
In the pale garden of Aidoneus now?  
And oh, what delicate piping holds thee, too,  
My Kore of the beauteous golden head?*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*What voice, what luring laughter bid thee stay  
So long from thine own lover and so far?  
Who touches with soft words thy tender heart,  
In some bright foreign city far from here,  
My unforgotten Gorgo beautiful?*

Doubting still? O bitterest of absence  
That the moth of doubt should mar the texture  
And fine tissue of the spirit's garment,  
The one garb of beauty which the soul wears, —  
Love, the frailest, costliest of fabrics!  
Ah, doubt not! O lover, lover, lover,  
Who first taught the childlike heart of mortals  
This most false and evil worldly wisdom?  
Blighting as a frost on budded aloes,  
How it blackens love, the golden blossom!  
Would that I could cherish him this instant,  
And dissolve that aching wintry passion  
In the warmth of this impatient bosom!  
By what cruel fate must I be banished

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

From his lonely bed? In lovely Lesbos  
All my heart is, with its passionate longing.  
O too piteous is the lot of women:

*In the long night I lie awake for hours  
Or sleep the sleep of dreamers without rest.  
For in my soul there is discouragement,  
And cold remorse lays hands upon my heart.  
Now thou art gone, the grey world has no joy,  
But bleak and bitter is the wind of life,  
Cutting this timid traveller to the bone.*

*Not all the gods can ever give me peace,  
Nor their forgiveness make me glad again,  
For I have sinned against my own great soul  
And cherished far too little thy great love.  
Brave was thy spirit, glad and beautiful,  
Nor ever faltered nor was faint of heart  
In the fair splendid path of thy desire.  
Even as I speak there comes a touch of shame,*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*Like a friend's hand upon my shoulder laid,  
To think such moody and unmanly words  
Could ever pass the mouth thy mouth has pressed.*

*Remembrance wakes. I hear the long far call  
To fortitude and courage in the night  
From my companions of the mighty past,  
All the heroic lovers of the world.*

*Hast thou not had a sudden thought of me,  
Unanxious, gay and tender with desire,  
O thou beloved more than all mortal things?  
For in my heart there was a sudden sense  
Just now with presage of returning joy,  
As when the wood-flowers waken to the sun  
And all their lovely ardours rearise,  
Or when the sinking tide from utmost ebb  
With one long sob summons his might once more.*



---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

*Out of this winter will put forth one day  
The incommunicable germ of spring,  
The magic fervour that makes all things new,  
When all the golden season will be glad  
With soft south winds and birds and woodland  
flowers*

*And the shrill marshy music of the frogs,  
Piping a chorus to their father Pan.  
Then thou and I shall walk the earth once more  
Delirious with each other as of old,  
And the soft madness lead us far away  
By meadowy roads and through the lilac hills  
To our own province in the lands of love,—  
My new-found Gorgo, heart-throb of the spring.*

*Heart of me! Ah, Cyprian deal gently!  
Soon, Oh soon, restore me to my lover,  
That I may repair this outworn habit,  
And reclothe him with thy golden glory,  
Scarlet circumstance and purple splendour,—*

---

A LETTER FROM LESBOS

---

State and air and pride of the immortals,  
Which these mortal men, by our devising  
And thy favour, wear — with fleeting rapture!  
Fiercer blow, thou fervour of the desert!  
Northward, northward, you hot winds of Nilus,  
More consuming than a smelter's furnace!  
You who do the will of alien Isis,  
To this heart you cannot be unfriendly,  
If I once may loose the sail for Lesbos,  
And along the green and foaming sea-track  
Scud before you, light as any swallow  
Flashing down the long blue slope of springtime.  
O ye home-gods, free me to my lover!

## THE PLAYERS.

We are the players of a play  
As old as earth,  
Between the wings of night and day,  
With tears and mirth.

There is no record of the land  
From whence it came,  
No legend of the playwright's hand,  
No bruited fame

Of those who for the piece were cast  
On that first night,  
When God drew up His curtain vast  
And there was light.

---

THE PLAYERS

---

Before our eyes as we come on,  
From age to age,  
Flare up the footlights of the dawn  
On this round stage.

In front, unknown, beyond the glare  
Vague shadows loom;  
And sounds like muttering winds are there  
Foreboding doom.

Yet wistfully we keep the boards;  
And as we mend  
The blundering forgotten words,  
Hope to the end

To hear the storm-beat of applause  
Fill our desire  
When the dark Prompter gives us pause,  
And we retire.

## THE MANSION.

I thought it chill and lonesome,  
And too far from the road  
For an ideal dwelling,  
When here I first abode.

But yesterday a lodger  
Smiled as she passed my door,  
With mien of gay contentment  
That lured me to explore.

Unerringly she leads me,  
Compassionate and wise,  
Soul of immortal beauty  
Wearing the mortal guise.

---

THE MANSION

---

She knows from sill to attic  
The great house through and through,  
Its treasures of the ages,  
Surprises ever new.

From room to room I follow,  
Entranced with each in turn,  
Enchanted by each wonder  
She bids my look discern.

She names them: here is First-love,  
A chamber by the sea;  
Here in a flood of noonday  
Is spacious Charity.

Here is a cell, Devotion;  
And lonely Courage here,  
Where child-deserted windows  
Look on the Northern year;

---

THE MANSION

---

Friendship and Faith and Gladness,  
Fragrant of air and bloom,  
Where one might spend a lifetime  
Secure from fear of gloom.

And often as we wander,  
I fancy we have neared  
The Master of the Mansion,  
Who has not yet appeared.

## WHO IS THE OWNER?

Who owns this house, my lord or I?  
He in whose name the title runs,  
Or I, who keep it swept and clean  
And open to the winds and suns?

He who is absent year by year,  
On some far pleasure of his own,  
Or I who spend on it so much  
Of willing flesh and aching bone?

What if it prove a fable, all  
This rumour of a legal lord,  
And we should find ourselves in truth  
Owners and masters of the board!



---

WHO IS THE OWNER?

---

What if this earth should just belong  
To those who tend it, you and me!  
What if for once we should refuse  
His rental to this absentee?

O friends, no landlord in the world  
Could love the place as well as I!  
Love is the owner of the house,  
The only lord of destiny.

## THE FAIRY FLOWER.

There's a fairy flower that grows  
In a corner of my heart,  
And the fragrance that it spills  
Is the sorcery of art.

I may give it little care,  
Neither water it nor prune,  
Yet it suddenly will blow  
Glorious beneath the moon.

I may tend it night and day,  
Taking thought to make it bloom;  
Yet my efforts all will fail  
To avert the touch of doom.

---

THE FAIRY FLOWER

---

When it dies, my little flower,  
You may take my life as well;  
Though I live a hundred years,  
I shall have no more to tell.

YVANHOÉ FERRARA.

*Teach me, of little worth, O Fame,  
The golden word that shall proclaim  
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.*

I would that I might rest me now,  
As once I rested long ago,

In the dim purple summer night,  
On scented linen cool and white,

Lulled by the murmur of the sea  
And thy soft breath, Yvanhoé.

What cared we for the world or time,  
Though like a far-off fitful chime,

---

YVANHOÉ FERRARA

---

We heard the mournful anchored bell  
Above the sunken reef foretell

That time should pass and pleasure be  
No more for us, Yvanhoé!

We saw the crimson sun go down  
Across the harbour and the town,

Dyeing the roofs and spars with gold;  
But all his magic, ages old,

Was not so wonderful to me  
As thy gold hair, Yvanhoé.

Between the window and the road  
The tall red poppies burned and glowed;

They moved and flickered like a flame,  
As the low sea-wind went and came;

---

YVANHOÉ FERRARA

---

But redder and more warm than they,  
Was thy red mouth, Yvanhoé.

I think the stars above the hill  
Upon the brink of time stood still;

And the great breath of life that blows  
The coal-bright sun, the flame-bright rose,

Entered the room and kindled thee  
As in a forge, Yvanhoé —

Prospered the ruddy fire, and fanned  
Thy beauty to a rosy brand,

Till all the odorous purple dark  
Reeled, and thy soul became a spark

In the great draught of Destiny  
Which men call love, Yvanhoé.

---

YVANHOÉ FERRARA

---

The untold ardour of the earth  
That knows no sorrow, fear nor dearth,

Before the pent-up moment passed,  
Was glad of all its will at last —

And more, if such a thing could be —  
In thy long kiss, Yvanhoé.

For years my life was bright and glad,  
Because of the great joy we had;

Until I heard the wind repeat  
Thy name behind me in the set,

Like a lost lyric of the sea,  
"Yvanhoé, Yvanhoé."

But now the day has no desire;  
The scarlet poppies have no fire;

---

YVANHOÉ FERRARA

---

There is no magic in the sun  
Nor anything he shines upon;

Only the muttering of the sea,  
Since thou art dead, Yvanhoé.

*Now God on high, be mine the blame,  
If time destroy or men defame  
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.*



THE LOVE-CHANT OF KING  
HACKO

In the time of red October,  
In the hills of the pointed fir,  
In the days of the slanted sunlight  
That ripens cone and burr,  
God gave me a splendid woman —  
A mate for a lord of lands —  
And put the madness on me,  
And left her there in my hands.

In the roving woodland season,  
When the afternoons are still  
And the sound of lowing cattle  
Comes up to the purple hill,

---

LOVE-CHANT OF KING HACKO

---

God would speak to His creatures,  
Flower and beast and bird,  
And lays the silence upon them  
To hearken to His word.

In the time of the scarlet maple,  
When the blue Indian haze  
Walks through the wooded valley  
And sleeps by the mountain ways,  
She stood like a beech in the forest,  
Where the wash of sunlight lies,  
With her wonderful beech-red hair  
And her wondering beech-grey eyes.

In the time of the apple harvest,  
When the fruit is gold on the bough,  
She stood in the moted sunshine,  
The orchards remember how —  
Loving, untrammelled and generous,  
Ardent and supple and tall,

---

LOVE-CHANT OF KING HACKO

---

Quick to the breath of the spirit  
As a shadow that moves on a wall.

In a yellow and crimson valley,  
At the time of the turning leaf,  
When warm are the tawny fern-beds,  
And the cricket's life is brief,  
I saw the dark blood mantle  
And prosper under the tan,  
Then I knew the power God lent me  
To use, when He made me man.

The world, all being and beauty  
From meadow to mountain-line,  
Awaiting the touch of rapture  
For a meaning and a sign;  
A woman's voice said, "Hacko,"  
Then I knew and could understand  
How love is a greater province  
Than dominion of sea or land.

---

LOVE-CHANT OF KING HACKO

---

In the month of golden hillsides,  
When moons are frosty white,  
And the returning Hunter  
Looms on the marge of night,  
Relieving his brother Arcturus,  
Belted, majestic and slow,  
To patrol the Arctic watch-fires  
And sentry the lands of snow,

A core of fire was kindled  
On a hearthstone wide and deep,  
Where the great arms of the mountains  
Put Folly-of-mind to sleep;  
We came without guide or knowledge,  
Silver, array or store,  
Through the land of purple twilight  
To the lodge of the Open Door.

## THE CREATION OF LILITH.

This happened in the Garden  
Ages on ages since,  
When noontide made a pleasant shade  
Of ilex, pear and quince.

The Gardener sat and pondered  
Some beauty rarer still  
Than any he had wrought of earth  
And fashioned to his will.

"Now who will be her body?"

"I," said the splendid rose,

"Colour, fire and fragrance,

In imperial repose."

---

THE CREATION OF LILITH

---

"Who will be her two eyes?"

"I," said the flag of blue,

"Sky and sea all shadowy

Drench me wholly through."

"Who will be her bright mouth?"

"I," the carnation said,

"With my old Eastern ardour

And my Persian red."

"Who will be, among you,

The glory of her hair?"

His glance went reaching through the noon;

The marigold was there.

"Who will be her laughter,

Her love-word and her sigh?"

Among the whispering tree-tops

A breath of wind said, "I."

---

THE CREATION OF LILITH

---

"And whence will come her spirit?"

Answer there was none.

The Gardener breathed upon her mouth,  
And lo, there had been done

The miracle of beauty  
Outmarvelling the flowers;  
While the great blue dial  
Recorded the slow hours.

IN A FAR COUNTRY.

In a land that is little traversed,  
Beyond the news of the town,  
There lies a delectable Kingdom  
Where the crimson sun goes down,

The province of fruitlands and flowers  
And colour and sea-sounds and love.  
If you were queen of that country,  
And I were the king thereof,

We should tread upon scarlet poppies,  
And be glad the long day through,  
Where the bluest skies in the world  
Rest upon hills of blue.



---

IN A FAR COUNTRY

---

We should wander the slopes of the mountains  
With the wind and the nomad bee,  
And watch the white sails on the sea-rim  
Come up from the curving sea.

We should watch from the sides of the valleys  
The caravans of the rain,  
In trappings of purple and silver,  
Go by on the far-off plain.

And they all should be freighted with treasure,  
The vision that gladdens the eye,  
The beauty that betters the spirit  
To sustain it by and by.

We should hear the larks' fine field-notes  
Breaking in bubbly swells,  
As if from their rocking steeples  
The lilies were ringing their bells;

---

IN A FAR COUNTRY

---

We should hear invisible fingers  
Play on the strings of the pines  
The broken measure whose motive  
Only a lover divines;

The music of Earth, the enchantress,  
The cadence that dwells in the heart  
Against the time of oblivion,  
To bid it remember and start.

And nothing should make us unhappy,  
And no one should make us afraid,  
For we should be royal lovers  
In the land where this plot is laid.

And with night on the almond orchards  
We should lie where warm winds creep,  
Under the starry tent-cloth  
Hearing the footfall of Sleep.

SONG OF THE FOUR  
WORLDS.

I.

Is it northward, little friend?  
And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are people who are loyal to the glory of  
their past,  
Who held by heart's tradition, and will hold it  
to the last;  
Who would not sell in shame  
The honour of their name,  
Though the world were in the balance and a  
sword thereon were cast.

---

SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

---

Oh, there the ice is breaking, the brooks are  
running free,

A robin calls at twilight from a tall spruce-tree,  
And the light canoes go down  
Past portage, camp and town,  
By the rivers that make murmur in the lands  
along the sea.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
I cannot bind my little heart with loves of yes-  
ter year."

II.

Is it southward, little friend?

"Lover, what is there?"

There are men of many nations who were sick  
of strife and gain,

---

SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

---

And only ask forgetfulness of all the old world's  
pain.

There Life sets down her measure  
For Time to fill at leisure  
With loveliness and plenty in the islands of the  
main.

Oh, there the palms are rustling, the oranges are  
bright;

In all the little harbour towns the coral streets  
are white;

The scarlet flowers fall

By the creamy convent wall,

And the Southern Cross gets up from sea to  
steer the purple night.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
I should weary of the beauty that is changeless  
all the year."

---

SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

---

III.

Is it eastward, little friend?  
And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are rivers good for healing, there are  
temples in the hills,

There men forsake desire and put by their earthly  
wills;

And there the old earth breeds

Her mystic mighty creeds

For the lifting of all burdens and the loosing  
of all ills.

Oh, the tents are in the valley where the shadows  
sleep at noon,

Where the pack-train halts at twilight and the  
spicy bales are strewn,

Where the long brown road goes by

To the cut against the sky,

And is lost within the circle of the silent, rosy  
moon.

---

SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

---

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
For my faith is warm and living, not unearthly,  
old and sere."

IV.

Is it westward, little friend?  
"Lover, what is there?"

There are men and women who are sovereigns  
of their fate,  
Who look Despair between the eyes and know  
that they are great;  
Who will not halt nor quail  
On the eager endless trail,  
Till Destiny makes way for them and Love un-  
bars the gate.

Oh, there the purple lilies are blowing in the sun,  
And the meadow larks are singing — a thousand,  
if there's one!

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SONG OF THE FOUR WORLDS

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And the long blue hills arise  
To the wondrous dreamy skies,  
For the twisted azure columns of the rain to rest  
upon.

And she said, "It is not there,  
For I love you, love you dear.  
Oh, shut the door on Sorrow, for the Four  
Great Worlds are here!"



## STREET SONG AT NIGHT.

There's many a quiet seaport that waits the  
daring sail;

There's many a lonely farer by many a doubtful  
trail.

And what should be their star

To lead them safe and far, —

What guide to take them o'er the crest, what  
pilot past the bar, —

Save Love, the great adventurer who will not  
turn nor quail?

As a voyager might remember how the face of  
earth was changed, —

All the dreary grey of winter forgotten and  
estranged, —

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STREET SONG AT NIGHT

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When he rode the tempest through  
And steered into the blue  
Of a tranquil tropic morning diaphanous and  
new,  
With palms upon the sea-rim where the flying-  
fishes ranged ;

As a lover in old story on a night of wind and  
rain  
Might have stood beneath a window, till a lamp  
should light the pane  
And a lady lean one arm  
On the glowing square and warm, —  
A girlish golden figure in a frame of dark and  
storm, —  
To look the longest moment ere he turned to  
life again,

Then set a stubborn shoulder to wind and sleet  
and snow,

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STREET SONG AT NIGHT

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With the weather foul above him and the pavement foul below;  
So it happened in my case;  
When I saw her, every trace  
Of doubt and fear and languor to the pulse of  
joy gave place,  
And the world was great and goodly as he  
planned it long ago.

There's a shipman who goes sailing where the  
sea is round and high;  
There's a lover who goes piping where winds of  
morning cry;  
And the lilt beneath his heart  
Was timed to stop and start,  
Till no more ships go sailing and the green hills  
fall apart.  
O, friends, that minstrel-lover, that mariner am I.

THE LEAST OF LOVE.

Only let one fair frail woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead, —  
World, withhold your best of praises!  
There are better things instead.

Shall the little fame concern me,  
Or the triumph of the years,  
When I keep the mighty silence,  
Through the falling of her tears?

I shall heed not, though 'twere April  
And my field-larks all returned,  
When her lips upon these eyelids  
One last popped kiss have burned.

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THE LEAST OF LOVE

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Painted hills shall not allure me,  
Mirrored in the painted stream;  
Having loved them, I shall leave them,  
Busy with the vaster dream.

Only let one dear dark woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead,  
I shall be content with beauty  
And the dust above my head.

Yet when I shall make the journey  
From these earthly dear ahodes,  
I have four things to remember  
At the Crossing of the Roads.

How her hand was like a tea-rose;  
And her low voice like the South;  
Her soft eyes were tarns of sable;  
A red poppy was her mouth.

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THE LEAST OF LOVE

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Only let one sweet frail woman  
Mourn for me when I am dead, —  
Gently for her gentlest lover, —  
More than all will have been said.

Be my requiem the rain-wind;  
And my immortality  
But the lifetime of one heartache  
By the unremembering sea

### A MAN'S LAST WORD.

Death said to me,  
"Three things I ask of thee;  
And thy reply  
Shall make thee or undo thee presently."

I said, "Say on,  
Lord' Death, thy will be done.  
Oe answers now,  
To bribe and fear indifferent as thou."

He said, "Behold,  
My power is from of old.  
The drunken sea  
Is but a henchman and a serf to me.

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A M A N ' S L A S T W O R D

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“ Hunger and war  
My tireless sleuth-hounds are.  
Before my nod  
The quailing nations have no help but God.

“ What hast thou found,  
In one life's little round,  
Stronger than these? ”  
I said, “ One little hand-touch of Marie's.”

He said, “ Again:  
Of all brave sights to men —  
The glittering rain,  
A towering city in an autumn plain,

“ An eagle's flight,  
A beacon-fire at night,  
The harvest moon,  
The burnish of a marching host at noon —



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A MAN'S LAST WORD

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"What hast thou seen  
In one life's small demesne,  
Fairer than these?"  
I said, "That supple body of Marie's."

He said, "Once more:  
Of all men labour for,  
Battle and yearn,  
And spend their blessed days without return —

"Leisure or wealth,  
Or power or sun-tanned health,  
A bruided name,  
Or the sad solace of a little fame —

"What hast thou known,  
In one life's narrow zone,  
Dearer than these?"  
I said, "One little love-kiss of Marie's."

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A MAN'S LAST WORD

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And then Death said,  
"To-day among the dead  
Thou shalt go down,  
And with the wise receive thy just renown."

A MIDWINTER MEMORY.

Now the snow is on the roof,  
Now the wind is in the flue,  
Beauty, keep no more aloof,  
Make my winter dreaming true,  
Give my fancy proof.

How the year runs back to June,  
To the day I saw you first!  
In the sultry afternoon  
There the mountains lay immersed  
In a summer swoon.

In the orchard with your book,  
I can see you now as then —

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A MIDWINTER MEMORY

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That serene and smiling look,  
Far away and back again,  
While my spirit shook.

Now the frost is on the pane,  
And the winter on the sea,  
Gold across the iron strain,  
Thought of you comes back to me,  
Like a lost refrain.

What a voice it was I heard!  
All your j's were soft as d's,  
Like the nest-notes of a bird,  
And your fingers clasped your knees,  
As you smiled each word.

Well I knew you for the one  
Sought so long and never found,  
In this country of the sun,

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A MIDWINTER MEMORY

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All these burning summers round.  
There, the search was done!

Now the dark is at the door;  
Now the snow is on the sill;  
And for all I may deplore,  
Time must have his ancient will —  
Mar one lover more.

AN ANGEL IN PLASTER.

Dear smiling little snub-nosed baby face  
With angel wings,  
Be thou the guardian of this house, and grace  
Its sublunary things.

Look laughing down, O blessed babe, and lend  
That guileless charm,  
That beaming joy, to sweeten and defend  
Our dwelling from all harm.

Bid sorrow shun the threshold of this door,  
And memory  
Cease in this place forever to deplore  
What has been — and must be.

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AN ANGEL IN PLASTER

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Come sun or storm, come merriment or tears,  
No care can fret  
Thy radiant spirit, nor the heavy years  
Invade it with regret.

Surely thou art a traveller from a land  
That knows no grief!  
The life of men thou canst not understand —  
So turbulent, so brief.

Yet thou must tarry here, thou darling one,  
To smile and bring  
Thoughts of the world's fair youth, a fadeless sun  
And a perpetual spring.

THE END.

